The Forum

JUNE 1922

FRANCE, THE GOOD MILCH COW

By STEPHANE LAUZANNE

A SWISS writer recently made the following observation in regard to France, one with which every Frenchman will concur:

"France," he stated, "is, after all, a good nation. She reminds me of the milch-cow of our mountains. When she is beaten, she works silently in order to pay the war-indemnity imposed by the victor. When she has paid up her indemnity, she continues to work in order that she may lend her money to all sorts of people, who renounce their debts at the very first opportunity. When her land is invaded, she offers 1,500,000 lives for victory; and then, having gained it, she goes to work to rebuild her ruins and to pay the debts of the conquered, who arrange their affairs so that they appear more hapless than France, and more to be pitied."

This is the exact truth! In 1871, France was defeated. Although the entire war was fought on her soil, and not a single German home was destroyed, France, for a campaign that lasted about six months, was obliged to pay Germany $1,000,000,000. She made no outcry. She did not fill the

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world with her clamors, nor did she endeavor to go into bankruptcy in order to pull down the pillars of Europe about her head. She paid the billion dollars (which today would be worth at least three times as much) in less than two years. Then, continuing to work and save, she generously lent her money to foreign countries for foreign enterprises. She became, in a way, the banker of the world. In 1914, she was the creditor of Russia for almost $4,000,000,000; she had lent more than $1,000,000,000 to Turkey; and she had also lent money to Hungary, to Spain, to Brazil, to Argentina, to Canada, and even to two or three American railroad companies. She owed nothing to anybody beyond her frontiers. Her foreign debt was represented by a zero.

Then came the World War. Her territory was invaded. It was on her territory that the nations of the world fought the most terrible war ever recorded, lasting four years and three months. It was her territory that had been sacked, trampled under foot and ravaged.

When the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918, there was on one side the vanquished, Germany, and on the other the victors, France and her Allies. But, on the territory of the vanquished not a single inch of ground had been damaged, not a factory destroyed, not a house demolished, nor a single window broken. Germany was materially intact.

On the other hand, the victorious nation is left in a condition so terrible that it defies imagination. Seven of her departments, equal in area to the States of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island combined, have been razed, leaving nothing but a hulk. These seven departments were among the richest of France. They represented one-fifth of her total capital. Out of five billions received in taxes, this part of France had paid a billion in 1913. These seven departments were the kernel of her industrial organism. They produced 94% of her wool, 90% of her iron, 70% of her sugar, 60% of her cotton goods, and 55% of her electrical energy. They contained 400 miles of

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railroad, which as a result of the war had to be rebuilt entirely. These seven departments contained, besides the principal coal mines of France, one-third of the total coal production of France, all of which have been destroyed. They were not destroyed by shell or fire, but coldly, scientifically, systematically. Two hundred pits were flooded, and tons and tons of débris were thrown into them in order to make it utterly impossible to work them. It took eighteen months just to pump out the water; and the mines at Lens will not get back to their pre-war production until about the year 1928.

However, the Allies, who were victorious, convened and deliberated for six months, deciding three things:

First, that Germany will not be obliged to pay the cost of the war that she had premeditated, that she had wanted, and that she had declared. The cost was enormous. For France alone, it had amounted to 280 billion, 658 million francs ($56,132,000,000 at par) from August 1, 1914, to June 30, 1919.

Second, that Germany shall pay personal damages; that is to say, the pensions of widows, orphans and wounded.

Third, that Germany shall pay material damages; that is, for the devastation of France and Belgium.

A Reparations Commission, composed of one French, one British, one American, one Belgian and one Italian representative, was appointed to estimate the total of damage committed by Germany, and to see that she paid.

The Reparations Commission (where France, which is the principal victim and therefore the principal creditor, has only one vote out of five) gets to work. After two years of study, it figured the total of damage done to France at 218 billion francs ($43,600,000,000 at par). But, at the conference that took place in London in May, 1921, on the instance of Mr. Lloyd George, it was decided that Germany's total debt to the Allies should not, under any circumstances, amount to more than 132 billion gold marks ($33,000,000,000). It was also decided that of this sum, France was to have 52%, or about 68 billion gold marks

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($17,000,000,000). This, of course, represents a considerable reduction on the bill of damages fixed by the Reparations Commission. France cannot use gold marks to rebuild her devastated regions, or to pay her war-pensions; she has to have francs. At the rate of exchange current April 1, 1922, sixty-eight billion gold marks amounted to something like 180 billion francs, or a reduction of almost 20% on the bill of Reparations Commission. If, as is very probable, the franc continues to rise in value, the exchange value of the 68 billion gold marks will rise in consequence, and the actual sum due to France will further diminish. If the value of the franc returns to par, the 68 billion gold marks will only represent 85 billion francs. The reduction consented to by France is thus actually one-fifth of the original, and it is possible that it may yet be reduced by three-fifths. How many creditor nations are there who, after a terrible war, had consented to such reductions to the benefit of the debtor nations—and these their erstwhile enemies?

But let us see how much of the 68 billion gold marks ($17,000,000,000) constituting her share of the damages, France has received today—and how much she will receive in the future.

The peace treaty stipulated that the first money Germany paid would be applied to reimburse America and England for the amount spent to feed Germany after the Armistice; it represented about $1,000,000,000. Then the peace treaty stipulated that the money to be paid later would be applicable to the cost of maintaining the armies of occupation on the Rhine, which amounted on March 1, 1922, to almost $1,200,000,000, not counting American expenses. Finally, the treaty stipulated that Belgium would have a right to priority for devastations to the extent of $250,000,000.

The result of all that is very clear. On March 1 of this year, Germany had paid little more than $1,500,000,000 both in goods and money, but as that sum was absorbed first to reimburse America and England for what they had spent to feed Germany, then to pay part of the costs of the occupa-

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tion of the Rhine, *France has not yet received a single cent of German money for reparations or pensions.*

That is enough for the past. Now let us speak about the future. It is certain that France will not receive a single cent either in 1922, or 1923, nor probably even in 1924. Perhaps she will receive, according to the agreements of Wiesbaden, raw materials and supplies, but she will not receive an ounce of gold. All the money collected during the next two or three years will be absorbed to pay the costs of occupation and the Belgium priority claim. Only in 1925 will the first money payments for reparations be made to France.

Yet France cannot permit her villages to remain in ruins, and she is forced to repair burned factories, devastated fields, flooded mines, to pay pensions to widows and orphans in France and to advance money which Germany should have paid. The sums thus far advanced amount to about $6,500,000,000, according to the average exchange of the last three years.

We are, therefore, today witnessing the most extraordinary spectacle: France, with seven of her richest industrial departments devastated and destroyed, found $6,500,000,000 to dress her wounds, reconstruct her villages and pay pensions to widows and the disabled, while Germany, absolutely intact, without an inch of her territory destroyed, with all her factories in full working power and able to dispose of all her productive forces, has paid only $1,500,000,000. Never has a victorious country been forced to make such terrible efforts, never has a vanquished country escaped at so cheap a price.

"But," many people contend, "Germany has been crushed economically. She has been reduced to beggary. She has nothing. And where there is nothing, God Himself loses His rights. Germany can't pay!"

This is a gross inaccuracy. Germany has not been reduced to beggary, because, in 1921, she spent *nine billion marks* just to build homes for her workers. Germany isn't

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crushed economically, because she is reconstructing her merchant marine with amazing rapidity. From January 1st to August 31, 1921, the German ship-yards have built no less than 55 boats having a deplacement of from 2,500 to 12,000 tons. Two of these had been baptized, respectively, *Ludendorff* and *Hindenburg*—a striking example of German mentality! Germany has still some reserves, since the stocks quoted on the German Exchange, which on December 31, 1919, were valued at 48 billion marks, on December 31, 1921, were quoted at more than 300 billion marks.

Germany can pay if she wants to. Germany can pay if she raises her taxes to at least the equivalent of those with which the French and British tax-payers are burdened. The tax in France per capita is actually $45.62, while in Germany it is only $13.88. Sugar, in France, is taxed at the rate of 50 francs the hundred kilos; while in Germany the tax for one hundred kilos is only 14 marks. A railroad trip of sixty miles, in France, costs $1.75; while in Germany it only costs 38 cents.

Germany can pay the 17 billion dollars that she owes France in damages, as she has been given seventy-five years to do so. She *can pay* if she *wants to;* but she *does not.* She prefers to go bankrupt rather than pay her debts. She would rather go to ruin than pay. She is hastening down the road to bankruptcy with joy. She is going voluntarily and with all her energy.

TIME

By Le Baron Cooke

Yesterday is a ghost,
Today is a process,
And Tomorrow—a dream.

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WILL GERMANY ABSORB RUSSIA?

By J. ELLIS BARKER

THE rise of Prusso-Germany is one of the miracles of history. A few centuries ago, Prussia was one of the smallest and one of the poorest countries in Europe, and Berlin was a wretched village. Modern Germany has grown great by successful war and conquest. The Germans, and especially the Prussians, are a proud and stubborn people. It is only natural that they do not consider their defeat as final, that they wish to regain the great and dominant position which they held in 1914. History teaches us that every great defeat is followed by a war of revenge unless a nation is so utterly weakened as to make another great war impossible. Among the nations of Europe, Germany stands first in numbers and in natural wealth. The spirit of the people is not broken. That may be seen by the attitude of its intellectual leaders and of the press. In due course the verdict of 1918 will certainly be challenged.

The greatness of Prusso-Germany was created by German predominance over the Slavs. In the middle ages Germany proper ended at the River Elbe. East of that river dwelt the heathen Slavs. German feudal adventurers settled in the Slavonic lands beyond the Elbe, enslaved the native inhabitants, converted them to Christianity and civilized them. They ruled them with the utmost cruelty, raised powerful armies, and conquered with these other Slavonic lands and Germany proper. Their task was greatly facilitated by that submissiveness which is so characteristic of the Slavs.

Previous to the great war, the vast majority of Germans were expansionists, but they were divided into two schools.

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The feudal nobility, the descendants of the men who had conquered old Prussia, were in favor of expansion by land. They wished to extend Germany's rule over the Slavs, and they were opposed to commerce, industry, and expension oversea which brought Germany into contact with democratic nations and made the people dependent on imported food and raw materials. On the other hand, the commercial and industrial inhabitants of central and western Germany scouted the idea that Germany should remain self-supporting and pressed for expansion oversea. The feudal Conservative Party voted for many years against subsidies to the merchant marine and against naval expansion. It changed its attitude very reluctantly owing to the pressure brought upon it by William the Second.

Germany's most influential men have proclaimed unceasingly that the country was not defeated in battle, but was starved into surrender by the blockade. The champions of a self-supporting Germany are teaching the people that Germany would have won the war had the traditional policy of Prussia not been abandoned, and they are pointing out that Germany can easily recover all she has lost and can rise to greater power than ever before by resuming the traditional policy of expansion eastward. The commercial and industrial classes, which were formerly opposed to the acquisition of further Slavonic lands, have changed their opinion for they recognize that the value of the Russian market to German commerce and industry is greater than the value of the oversea markets.

Russia is by far the largest connected state in the world. The Russian Empire of 1914 comprised nearly nine million square miles. It was larger than the United States, Canada, and India combined. It was twice as large as the whole continent of Europe. It was forty times as large as the German Empire. The widely held belief that Russia is an ice-bound and naturally poor country is erroneous. Like the United States, Russia extends through all climes except the torrid. Moscow and Riga in the north lie in the same

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latitude as Glasgow and Copenhagen. Kiev and Charkoff in the center are no farther north than Frankfurt-on-the-Main and the Isle of Wight. Odessa and Rostoff lie in the same latitude as Venice and Lyons. The southern Crimea has the same position and climate as the Italian riviera. Tiflis, Khiva and Baku lie in the same latitude as Constantinople, Naples, Lisbon and Washington. Southern Turkistan has the same position as southern Italy, Athens, Tunis, and Los Angeles.

The natural resources of the country are very vast and varied. In the north Russia has the largest and probably the most valuable forests in the world. In the center is by far the largest agricultural plain of the world. The vast country is opened up by numerous huge and easily navigable rivers. The gigantic northern forests, of which a large part has not even been explored, can furnish a superabundance of excellent timber. In the intermediate zone Russia can raise the largest harvests in the world. Notwithstanding her primitive agricultural methods, Russia produced before the war fifty per cent. of the world's rye, thirty-three per cent. of the world's barley, twenty-five per cent. of the world's oats, twenty-two per cent. of the world's wheat, etc. She had in 1913, thirty-three million eight hundred sixty-three thousand horses, fifty-one million three hundred fifty-five thousand cattle, seventy-three million nine hundred sixty-two thousand sheep and fourteen million two hundred thirty-two thousand pigs. Russia's agriculture was carried on in the most primitive manner. In Siberia cultivation and settlement were restricted to a narrow belt along the one and only railway. The production of timber, foodstuffs and animals may easily be doubled and quadrupled by introducing improved methods of cultivation and by opening up the country by means of good roads, railways and canals. In the south Russia produces an abundance of corn, rice, cotton, jute, tobacco, tea, oranges, peaches, grapes, etc.

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The mineral resources of Russia are considerable. She has large quantities of coal, iron-ore, copper, zinc, petroleum, salt, gold, platinum, etc. The production of all these has increased at a very rapid rate during the last few decades. The last expansion of Russia's agriculture and industries has made possible a similarly rapid increase of her population, which has grown as follows:

1762	19,000,000
1796	36,000,000
1815	45,000,000
1835	60,000,000
1859	74,000,000
1897	129,209,297
1913	174,099,600

During recent years Russia's population has increased by almost three million per year, while that of Germany has increased by only eight hundred thousand. During the last hundred years previous to the war Russia's population has quadrupled. It is not inconceivable that it may quadruple and more than quadruple during the next hundred years, provided the country enjoys peace and good government. Russia can yield a super-abundance of food and of the most important raw materials required in war, among them cotton, wool, oil, copper—and the country is the greatest potential reservoir of man power.

The war and the revolution have terribly weakened Russia. Millions of men have died. Agriculture and industry have utterly decayed. Railways and other public works have been destroyed. The country has been divided into a number of self-governing states. However, the great resources of Russia are still there. Under a good government, progress would be resumed at a greatly accelerated speed and the miseries which the people have suffered will make them all the more ready to submit themselves to a strong and able government, whatever may be its character and form.

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As stated in the beginning of this article, the great characteristic of the Slavs is their submissiveness. Hence they have always readily submitted to native and to alien tyranny. The Russians lived under the yoke of the Norman Varagi from 862 to 1054—under their own princes from 1054 to 1238—and under the Mongol horror from 1240 to 1462. Since then they have patiently obeyed alien rulers, the Ruriks, the Romanoffs, the Holstein-Gottorps and the Bolsheviks. When the Bolshevik nightmare has come to an end the Russians will probably be found ready to obey almost any government imposed upon them either from within or from without. Herein lies Germany's great chance of dominating, and evidently absorbing, Russia.

It would be only natural if Russia should become a German possession because that country has in modern times continuously been ruled by Germans and has, therefore, become thoroughly used to German predominance and to German sway. Russia had been an Asiatic country up to the time of Peter the Great. That eminent man wished to Europeanize the country and he attracted to Russia able men from the west. As Germany was nearest at hand, Germans practically monopolized the more important positions of the state. The Russian rulers made it a habit to marry Germans. Alexis, the son of Peter the Great, and all the Czarinas and Czars who succeeded Peter, excepting one, married Germans. The princes and the nobility followed the example set by the rulers. The court, the army, the bureaucracy, the universities and Russian society became Germanized. Among the cabinet ministers of recent times were von Plehve, Sievers, Korff, Reutern, Budberg, Bunge, Lamsdorff, Witte, Zaenger, Schwartz, Bark, Roediger, Langhoff, Fredericks, Stuermer. Among the army corps commanders at the outbreak of the great war were Generals Eck, Adlerberg, Rennenkampf, Schwank, Sievers, Evert, Geismann, Krusenstern, Rausch de Traubenberg, Gerngross. The German character of modern Russia was advertised in the name of the capital

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Petersburg, and the new towns surrounding it, such as Kronstadt, Peterhoff, Oranienbaum, Schlüsselburg and others. The Russian universities and Russian intellectual life were dominated by Germans. A very large part of Russia's business was in German hands. Up to the war Russia was, rightly considered, a German colony, a disguised German protectorate. More than two million Germans were supposed to live in the country.

The Russians have been severely injured by the nations of Europe. The monarchists and the liberals complain that Europe has deserted them. The revolutionaries complain as loudly that Europe has been hostile to them. America has abstained from intervention in Russian affairs. On the other hand, Americans have aided the starving people with lavish unselfishness. Sentiment should draw Russians of all classes and of all parties towards the United States. However, sentimental considerations may be defeated by more powerful factors. In the opinion of many Russians, Germany has done the greatest harm to their country. Ever since the time of Peter the Great the German monarchs have pursued the policy of encouraging the absolutism of the Czars. Thus Germany was held largely responsible for the sufferings of the people. During the war the Germans strove to bring about a revolution in Russia, and the success of the Bolsheviks was largely due to German action. Nevertheless, Germany seems likely to regain her old ascendancy in the near future.

Russia has always lacked a sufficient number of highly trained, able men for the management of her administration, her industries and her commerce. During the war, and especially during the rule of the Bolsheviks, tens of thousands of the ablest Russians have disappeared. Russia will be far more dependent on foreign manufacturers, merchants, engineers, chemists, doctors, foremen, and skilled workers than in the past. While Russia has a superabundance of ordinary workers and a great scarcity of skilled men, Germany lacks common labor and has a superabund-

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ance of skilled men who have passed through her numerous universities and technical schools. The United States, the British Empire and France can spare only a few men for Russia. The vast possibilities of the Republic, of the British Dominions, and of the French colonies absorb all, or nearly all, the skilled Americans, Englishmen and Frenchmen. Besides, only a few Americans, Englishmen, and Frenchmen speak the Russian language and are acquainted with Russian conditions. In Germany, on the other hand, hundreds of thousands of people speak Russian fluently and are intimately acquainted with that great country and its needs. In order to strengthen their hold upon Russia and to ensure that Germany should occupy the first place in Russia's reconstruction, various institutions for the study of the Russian language and of Russian affairs have been created in Germany. Some eminent Germans have gone so far as to advocate that Russian should take the place of Greek and Latin as a compulsory subject in the schools.

Russia wants rebuilding. It wants not only gigantic quantities of rails, rolling stock, machinery, etc., but wants, before all, tens of thousands of foremen who are able and willing to work in Russia at moderate wages. These foremen and other skilled workers can only be supplied by Germany and they will not unnaturally rather order German goods than British or American goods. Nevertheless, vast quantities of non-German goods will have to be sent to Russia. Only the United States can provide the vast quantities of rails, locomotives, trucks, agricultural machines, etc., which will be needed. However, the distribution of all these will necessarily be effected by German merchants, agents and commercial travelers who thus may skim off the cream of the business.

Relations between Germany and Russia will become more and more intimate, not only because Germany alone can furnish the skilled men familiar with the Russian language and with Russian affairs, but also because Russia and Germany can best supply one another's needs. Russia pro-

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duces superabundance of food and of raw materials, but she lacks manufactured goods. Germany, on the other hand, produces a superabundance of manufactured goods, but lacks food and raw materials. The exchange of Russian surplus goods against German surplus goods is, therefore, natural and logical. From the interdependence of these two neighbor nations may spring a more intimate connection between the two. Commercial treaties will establish a mutually profitable partnership, and out of Russia's economic dependence upon Germany will grow a political dependence. Economic influence leads to political influence. That is universal experience. Russia's administration will fall once more into German hands and gradually that great country may become a German dependency. In the past German influence has predominated in Russia, largely because of the propinquity of the country. Germany has stood in a similar relation to Russia in which the United States stands to Canada. The business men in Breslau and in Berlin have a great advantage over the business men in London, Birmingham, Manchester, New York, Chicago, and Pittsburg. In dealing with Russia the German statesmen have a similar advantage over the statesmen of England, France, and the United States by being nearer at hand. Besides, they are thoroughly familiar with Russian affairs owing to the frequent intermarriage of Germans and Russians. It is true that Russia and Germany are no longer direct neighbors. Poland and other independent states have arisen on the western frontier of Russia. However, it remains to be seen whether these new states have sufficient vitality to retain their independence. Both Russia and Germany are hostile to the small countries which separate them. Poland and the other countries are economically dependent upon the Russian market. Possibly Russia's desire to regain the lost territories and the wish for independence on the part of the new states, may be reconciled by the rise of a Russian federation of states, patterned on the American model.

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In books, pamphlets, articles, and speeches too numerous to mention, German expansionists have demanded the creation of a greater Germany stretching from the Rhine to the Bering Strait, and from the North Pole to the borders of Persia, India and China, from the North Sea to the Pacific. A Russo-German Empire may conceivably arise, and it may prove a very serious danger to the peace of Europe. The Russians have hitherto proved as wax in the hands of conquerors. Their national character has not changed. No other nation in the world would have patiently borne the misrule of the Czars and of the Bolsheviks. If the Russians were given a good government and administration, the population of the country should double and treble very speedily, its wealth should increase amazingly, and its military power should become almost irresistible. A Russo-German Empire would dominate the two most populous continents of the world.

MITIGATION

By HELENE MULLINS

When I have had enough of grief,
Weariness overcomes me
And I sleep.
Ah! how good it is to forget
For a little while . . . !
But the moment I regain consciousness,
I know, from the sudden sharp twinge of pain
Which seizes me when I stir,
That my soul has been lying awake all night,
Suffering.

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JOURNALISM AS A PART OF COLLEGE

By H. F. HARRINGTON

"I KNOW what news is; I used to be a newspaper man myself," replied a manager of a great hotel one morning after a reporter had thanked him for steering him into an excellent first-page story. The remark is eloquent with meaning. Many men who sit in places of responsibility proudly acknowledge their erstwhile association with the journalistic profession. Almost every important calling has recruited many of its best workers from the newspaper office. The list includes directors of advertising, secretaries of chambers of commerce, publicity men, private secretaries, confidential advisers, advance men, free-lance writers, college instructors, trade journal editors, the whole range of positions which have to do with an institution's relationship to the public.

The other day I examined the list of former students of mine who had completed a course in journalism and found niches for themselves in the distant towns. While a substantial percentage of them is in active newspaper work, (at least for a time) an amazing proportion has swung into allied vocations. Of these, publicity and advertising, berths which offer satisfactory compensation, have attracted the greatest number of college-trained youths. This state of affairs is enough to make any instructor of journalism ponder, indeed impel him to re-shift his entire working philosophy on the function of his teaching and the rewards that should accrue to the newspaper worker.

The first thing that comes to me as I view the exodus of young newspaper workers from the "local room" to the shop and office is the conviction that wages offered by reputable journals must be made more adequate if the best

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talent is to be attracted to reporter's jobs. Many young fellows, gripped by the fascination of "chasing" news and coining it in hot, flashing sentences for waiting readers, are satisfied, for a time, to accept the day's excitement and novelty as a contribution to their pay envelopes. Many newspaper offices are overstocked with "cubs," learning the trade with happy-hearted bravado, on a slender wage. They work serious injustice upon more mature men, better equipped to handle the news, but disqualified because of these enthusiastic, care-free amateurs. Too many half-baked dabsters are today being entrusted with important news stories; too little attention is being given to the raising of salaries high enough to attract and keep men trained to see life clearly and to write the story with intelligence and understanding, if not with the "jazz" and flash of their younger brothers.

In months past I have received many letters from managing editors asking for college-trained reporters and deskmen. Not a few of these editors list fifteen dollars and eighteen dollars a week as the wage they are willing to pay "beginners." I have been answering these requests with the reminder that college seniors, who have specialized in journalism, are able to command higher wages, and are worth more money. I have suggested that the woods are still full of twelve-dollar and fifteen-dollar reporters, and that in many cases these "cubs" are not worth a higher salary; but that trained men, endowed with intellectual and technical capabilities, are worth forty dollars and fifty dollars a week as they begin work on self-respecting newspapers. I am of the opinion that all teachers in journalism in colleges and universities—not in high schools—should insist that employers pay reporters and editors what they are worth to the other allied professions, or else take the consequences of immaturity and cheap-jack labor.

One of the agencies that has already proved its usefulness in raising the standards of the journalistic profession is the American Association of Journalists, fostered by St. Louis

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newspaper workers, under the able direction of Richard L. Stokes, dramatic critic of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. While in no sense a trade union, it has brought the wage grievances of the newspaper folk to the attention of employers, and is doing a fine service in making the practice of journalism more permanent and more highly valued, so that men of education and promise remain in this responsible calling. It is hoped that when newspaper proprietors respond to the call issued by the association for a general inventory of working conditions that some system will be devised for the fuller recognition of journalistic talent, and that some ethical code of performance be adopted for the future guidance of members of the craft.

Another encouraging sign of the deepening professional consciousness on the part of newspaper practitioners—in line with bonds of organization already established among their brethren in the advertising and circulation departments—is the recent announcement that prominent metropolitan news executives had met in New York to form the American Society of Newspaper Editors. The purpose of this society is "to promote acquaintance among its members, to develop a stronger professional *esprit de corps,* to maintain the dignity and rights of the profession, to consider and perhaps establish ethical standards of professional conduct and management, to interchange ideas for the advancement of professional ideas and for the more effective application of professional labors and work collectively for the solution of common solution of problems." To this declaration were signed the names of eminent directing editors of representative papers throughout the country.

I grow weary of the oft-repeated remark that courses in journalism are still so experimental and graduates of departments in journalism are still so untried that it is difficult to forecast the influence of professionalized training upon tomorrow's newspaper and tomorrow's reporter. My own feeling is that college-bred newspaper men are winning sure recognition as the days go by, and they are already

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receiving a higher working wage because of their worth and efficiency. It is only as adequately educated men and women find welcome and recompense within the newspaper fold that standards of constructive journalism will be raised, and waning confidence of readers in the daily press reaffirmed.

Just now, however, I am concerned not so much with the main product of our journalistic and college laboratories —the preparation of men and women for actual newspaper work—as in some of the by-products which may be found equally valuable, quite apart from the entrance of young people into the trade of writing. I believe we may justify our work by this larger definition of the student's equipment for living.

The reporter's ability to adapt himself to conditions is a by-product not to be minimized. It is this quality that makes him valuable in many quarters, quite distinct from journalistic pursuits. I heard an official on the governmental vocational board express his faith in newspaper men as clerks and executives because, he said, they get the point easily, and quickly master the situation. This man employs as many capable newspaper men as he can tempt away from their offices. The very business of digging out news cultivates resourcefulness, originality, swift decisions, and a certain independence that makes for efficiency. I have noticed these qualities grow in timid and unimaginative students as they respond to the challenge of the news quest, and match their intellects against all but insurmountable odds. They learn to strike out for themselves, to adapt themselves to actual conditions, to put zest and dynamics into everything they do. These things become a part of their equipment for the future.

It is an interesting commentary on the worth of journalistic training when a hard-headed business man frankly admits that the best sales letters produced in his office are the handiwork of men and women trained in news presentation. A friend of mine writes: "They get the nub of the

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proposition into the opening paragraph (I suppose you newspaper people call this 'lead') and they seem to have the knack of building interest after the attention has been secured. And generally the letters are concise, chatty, and productive of results." He might have added that these very qualities are bred in the atmosphere of a well conducted newspaper office and by a course in journalism.

Another by-product of our teaching is the broadening of intellectual horizons made possible through a college education. Not only should we insist that the student show a familiarity with the march of events as recorded in newspapers and periodicals; but we also believe that a goodly share of this knowledge may be acquired in the process of finding and recording news. News-gathering, at heart, is applied interviewing, and information thus secured in turn may irrigate the reporter's receptive mind. Many of our estimates of the world come by way of cultivated informants; the reporter has equal opportunity to learn of men and their affairs as he moves about in a living world. To this fund of liberalizing information he needs to add the rich store of knowledge contributed by textbook, general reading, and classroom lecture. The reporter is generally better informed on what is going on in campus and town than his more circumspect brother; often he has a keener insight into the human significance of history than his more studious comrade. I think we need to insist, however, that all our students know as much as they possibly can, to urge them constantly to browse and to learn, not to be satisfied with mere technical skill in writing for print, but only with that broader accomplishment of adequate knowledge which alone can sustain them in the exacting business of chronicling and interpreting the news.

A third by-product is that which may be only developed by contact with people, the art of association, an art which cultivates the amenities, develops good manners, breeds tact and courtesy. These are personal accomplishments that mark the cultivated gentleman; they should mark the

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reporter's dealings with men and women he approaches as an agent of a news-collecting enterprise. The newspaper is judged by the men who serve it as reporters and editors; there is no more important duty resting upon the college than that its graduates shall be men of clean tongue, agreeable presence, and stimulating personality. A few reporters, I regret to say, are boors and vulgarians (may their tribe decrease!) with slight regard for a promise and with scant respect for authority and news sources. Their vocabulary is often as tinctured with profanity as a fishmonger's, their methods in gathering news as antagonistic as those of a pert book canvasser or an arrogant census collector. They do not add to the good reputation of the newspapers employing them.

College training should cultivate the decencies and the moralities, as well as the crafts. It should implant a spirit of honesty and fair play, nurture a zeal for the accurate statement, develop a passion for truth, crowd out the shady practices of the picture-snatcher and the porch-climber, build a wholesome respect for law and order, insist on ethical standards in the conduct of one's life and business. These qualities will find their way into the making of a newspaper if they exist in the hearts and minds of the men behind the newspapers—in the men of the colleges who are to be the reporters and editors of tomorrow. This by-product of ethical and moral soundness is one of the most important which may issue from the laboratory of our courses in journalism.

A fourth by-product of journalistic courses is the vitalizing of formal methods of composition by opening up an avenue of expression through print; likewise the development of an appreciation of the true function of the newspaper. I wonder if many teachers of English composition have not cut their cloth too exclusively from the pattern of the "literary" student. He is a joy to every instructor because he has warmth of imagination and verbal dexterity —but what of fifty other less imaginative students already

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ticketed for the office, the factory, the shop, and the store? These are the men and women who need daily drill in the simple art of telling simply what they know. They must learn that words and sentences are their tools of expression, to be handled every day intelligently and skilfully. They must learn to know the true function of writing, the conveying of information for the benefit of someone else.

I believe writing for a newspaper puts incentive into the heart of the young scribe, and saves his style from becoming turgid and his task from becoming dissociated from life. Young people are destined to read the daily paper. It is not our business as teachers to decry this growing habit, but to dignify it with a new purpose. The old Greeks had their bards, the middle ages their wandering minstrels, the Elizabethan era its roving bands of players, Queen Anne her pamphleteers. All were news purveyors, the reporters of their times. Today the daily newspaper is the great interpreter of American life. It is a chronicler, teacher, expositor, exhorter, companion. In its enlarged sphere the newspaper conveys information, furnishes entertainment, constructs opinion, arouses sympathy, mirrors the daily adventures of the human family. It is on terms of intimacy with all men. It is an Odyssey in the present tense.

What a grievous mistake to ignore the newspaper and the magazine simply because they are new and up-to-date! It is time that many people banish the idea that all good English prose and poetry has been written by men long since in their graves. We need to emphasize the fact that great books, plays, and verse are being produced today by living men and women. Reading of the newspaper, alive with the actual, has already proved a remarkable stimulus to the study of many high school and college subjects, notably English and history. It brings a quick sense of reality, and has vitalized the whole business of acquiring and using information. But the fireside critic offers violent objection to the newspaper as a repository of undesirable, often sordid news items, unsuited, he says, for indiscrimi-

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nate reading by young people. The objection is a valid one. That is precisely the reason impressionable students need some guidance in their selection of news. Let the instructor in journalism take advantage of the reporter's native zest in the daily paper and attempt to cultivate in him a discriminating taste. He is to read the newspaper in the future more than ancient history or physical geography, and now is the time to acquaint him with its materials and its methods of presentation. This is one of the by-products that will prove of inestimable value in the years that lie ahead.

The task of teaching the principles of news-gathering and news-writing is surrounded by handicaps and shortcomings. There is no gainsaying this fact. Work on a college newspaper cannot hope to present the challenges in news treatment afforded by a large city newspaper office. The wage incentive is not present, nor is it possible to reproduce the driving urge of a city editor intent on getting "clean copy" in the shortest possible time, irrespective of a reporter's feelings and thin-skinned sensibilities. The spur of competition and the bogie of being "scooped" are not as omnipresent in the college hall as in the throbbing local room of a metropolitan daily.

But many of the things the reporter needs to know can be acquired in a course in journalism. He may learn approved methods of collecting and writing news and building headlines; he may sense the necessity for accuracy and punctuality in getting things done; he may build up an ample mental and ethical background that shall serve him well in the years of service that await him.

The university is called upon to bridge the chasm between his academic pursuits and his work-a-day job. Principles that underlie performance are uncovered more easily in the class-room because they find their root in personal experience, and are evolved in situations and assignments designed to awaken appreciation of them. The functional quality of writing, its obligation to convey thought that others may

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read and heed, and the zest which comes with discovery and expression on the part of the reporter become as real as hands and feet and as peculiarly personal. Principles so developed will be remembered because they are associated with the reporter's halo of experience. They are by-products of the day's work.

Students learn the value of their work because it is seen and appreciated by their fellows in the form of printed information. They have written about people they know, and of actual situations and happenings that have leaped across their horizon of experience. The larger reservoir of their daily lives has been tapped; their sentences flow like an unloosed stream. The spur of other college courses may be that of making a passing mark; instead here is the impulse to write on familiar things, and to share in the daily comradeship of street and town through the medium of the printed page. These reporters look for no greater reward than the expression of their joy in their work, for without pleasure there is no profit. The arid plains of their scholastic lives have been irrigated by a constantly renewing interest, namely, the invitation to seek and to find, and finally to write. And in the daily performance of their duties, under the watchful eye of a sympathetic instructor, they discover that precept and principle have become living presences.

REFLECTION

By Edith Ella Davis

Slow comes the night
Laying its darkness down outside the window pane.
And then the inky glass returns my picture as I write.
Some visionary wonder
All of myself yet not of me,
And I who won't believe in ghosts
Draw fast the curtain.

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SIR WILLIAM WATSON

By ARTHUR SYMONS

WHY, I have sometimes asked myself, did not Pater say the right words on a writer greater than Mérimée—George Meredith? I imagine that he never admired his novels enough to try his hand on a subject not quite his own. Certain books, I confess, ought to have been launched at the British Philistine, like David's one convincing pebble, straight to the forehead. I confess also (my own fault it was in regard to Meredith) that to write about Carlyle, Swinburne or Meredith, without unconsciously reproducing some tricks of manner, is a feat of which any man might be proud.

"The Egoist" is a wonderful book, and in its elemental comedy it challenges Congreve and even Molière; but in the elemental tragedy of certain parts of "Rhoda Fleming" and "Richard Feverel," he challenges Webster, or almost Shakespeare. Yet the uncouthness that disfigures certain pages in "Richard Feverel" is a mere after-taste of Arabian extravagance. It is a new kind of uncouthness that comes into prominence in "The Egoist"—that exaggeration of qualities which one sees in the later works of men who have a pronounced style, even in the case of Browning. No prose writer of our time has written finer or viler English than Meredith. It is a mistake to treat him as if he were stylist first, and novelist afterwards, as Flaubert might almost be said to be. Meredith is a conscious artist always —as conscious as Goncourt, with whom he may be compared for his experimental treatment of language, his attempt to express what has never been expressed before by forcing words to say more than they are used to say. Sometimes they give his message, but ungraciously, like beaten

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slaves; sometimes the message seems to go astray. That is why Englishmen, forgetting triumph after splendid triumph of style, will sometimes tell you that Meredith cannot write English, just as Frenchmen gravely assure one another that the novels of the Goncourts are written in any language but French.

That astonishing little volume, "Modern Love and Poems of the English Roadside," published in 1862, has never received anything like justice except at the hands of such a fellow-craftsman as Swinburne. While I for one cannot but feel that Meredith works more naturally, with a freer hand, in prose than in verse, that poem of "Modern Love" seems to me among the masterpieces of contemporary poetry. It is the most distinctly modern poem ever written. There has been nothing like it in English poetry: it brings into our literature something fundamentally new, essentially modern. Side by side with this super-subtle study of passion and sensation, we have the homely realism of "Juggling Jerry"—a poem which can only be compared with Burns' "Jolly Beggars" for triumphant success in perhaps the most difficult kind of literature.

So far I quote from an old article of mine, which was answered by William Watson. Here is part of his answer, printed in *The Academy*:

"Now I should like to ask, what has the British Philistine done that he should have a book shied at his head in the way Mr. Symons thinks desirable? As regards Meredith, it seems to me that the British Philistine has been most exemplary in what he would call the discharge of his duty. He has tried his very best to read Meredith, and has failed; or he has read Meredith, but has failed in the attempt to enjoy him. I fancy, however, that when Meredith's devotees speak of the British Philistine, they really mean the vast majority of the public, and it seems to me a little absurd, that because there is an author whose writings the public are comparatively indifferent to, it should be constantly assured that the only person not in the least responsible for

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such indifference is the author. Other writers have achieved popularity before Meredith. Perhaps the best proof of the futility of trying to convert people into an attitude of admiration by 'aiming' a book at them is afforded by Meredith's novels themselves. They are, in Mr. Symons' sense of the word, 'aimed' at the British Philistine, if ever novels were. He has been pelted through, I do not know how many, volumes—but have the missiles converted him?"

I leave all these questions unanswered, as they deserve no answer, after Time's verdict on Meredith. Now, what was, and is, the place of Sir William Watson in literature? The difference between literature and what is pre-eminently literary may be clearly illustrated on examination of his poems. No poems written in our time are more literary. They come to us asking to be received on account of their legitimate lineal descent from earlier poets, from Wordsworth and from Matthew Arnold for instance. "If," says the writer, frankly—

> If I be indeed
> Their true descendant, as the veriest hind
> May yet be sprung of kings, their lineaments
> Will out, the signature of ancestry
> Leap unobscured, and somewhat of themselves
> In me, their lowly scion, live once more.

Many of the poems are about poets, or about books; some are purely critical. And they are indeed, as they profess to be, in the tradition; they strike no unfamiliar note to any ears acquainted with the music of English poetry. Their range is limited, but within it they exhibit an unquestionable mastery of a particular kind of technique. Few lines are bad, all are careful, many are felicitous. Every poem has a certain neatness and order about it. The spirit of the whole work is orderly, reticent and dignified. Nothing has been left to chance, or to the appeal of lawless splendors. An artist has been at work. At work on what? At all events, not on the only really satisfactory material for the poet—himself. Watson tells us that he has chosen the best of himself for giving to the world:

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I have not paid the world
The evil and the insolent courtesy
Of offering it my baseness for a gift.

Well and good; but has he, in choosing among his selves, chosen really the essential one, base or not base, ignoble or not ignoble? He has chosen the self that loves good literature, thinks estimable thoughts, feels decorous emotions, and sets all this into polished and poetical verse. That is enough for the making of literary poetry, but not for poetry which shall be literature.

Watson, in his study of the great writers, seems never to have realized that what matters chiefly, what tells, is not the great phrase, but the personality behind the phrase. He has learned from many writers to make phrases almost as fine as those writers have made; his phrases are never meaningless in themselves, and they can be exquisite in their form. But the phrase, coming with nothing but its own significance behind it, a rootless flower, deriving no life from the soil, fails to convey to us more than an arid, unsatisfying kind of pleasure. There it is, a detached thing; to be taken, you may say, for what it is worth; only, live words will not be so taken. Compare Watson's "Ode to Autumn" with the "Ode to Autumn" of Keats. The poem is one of Watson's best poems; it is full of really poetical phraseology. But the ode of Keats means something in every word, and it means Keats quite as much as autumn. Watson's poem means neither autumn nor Watson; it represents Watson setting himself to describe autumn.

Take his "Hymn to the Sea." It is a long piece of exultant rhetoric, very finely imagined, full of admirable images; the most beautiful similes are gathered and brought together to represent the sea's multitudinous moods; but when the poem is finished, and you have admired it at leisure, you do not feel that this poet loves the sea. The poetry of Byron is assailable on many sides, but when he

*"Europe—Whither Bound?", by Stephen Graham. D. Appleton and Co.

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wrote those too rhetorical lines, now hackneyed almost out of recognition, beginning—

> Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!

he wrote out of his heart, as nearly as he could, and the lines, faulty as they are, have remained alive ever since. Mr. Watson's verse is very much better verse, but will—

> Grant, O regal in bounty, a subtle and delicate largess,

come back to men's lips as often, or for as long a time, as those faulty lines of Byron's?

In his "Apologia," Watson replies to those who have complained that he has brought nothing new into poetry—

> I bring nought new
> Save as each noontide or each Spring is new,
> Into an old and iterative world.

And he asks—

> Is the Muse
> Fall'n to a thing of Mode, that must each year
> Supplant her derelict self of yesteryear?

But he declines to see that the new thing which every generation rightly asks of every new poet is by no means "mode," or empty fashion of writing, but the one essential thing, personality, which can never be twice the same. The reason why you will not find any two poets writing in the same way is that every genuine poet has to express himself in his own way, whether it be by offering his own "baseness for a gift," like Villon, or by building a new heaven and a new hell, like Dante. The maker of literature puts this new thing into his work, in the mere act of making it, and it stands out, as plainly as his signature, in every line he writes. Not to find it is to have fallen upon work which is but literary, "books made out of books." Walt Whitman thought that such "pass away."

In that "Apologia" from which we have already quoted, Watson indignantly denounces those who think "all Art is cold" if "an ardor not of Eros' lips" is in it, and he attempts to indicate that state of vision in which man may know—

> A deeper transport and a mightier thrill
> Than comes of commerce with mortality.

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Does he then,

> In silence, in the visionary mood,

reach this ecstatic state? If so, it has left no impression on his poetry. In his poetry there is no vision, only speculation about vision; no ecstasy, only a reasonable meditation. He speaks of God, "the Whole," the "cosmic descant," and the large words remain empty. In such poems as "The Unknown God" and "The Father of the Forest" we seem to have been taught a lesson, read out in a resonant, well controlled voice; nothing has been flashed upon us, we have overheard nothing.

And, indeed, of how little of this poetry can we say, in the words of Mill's great definition, that it has been overheard! Its qualities, almost, though not quite, at the best, are the qualities of good oratory. Watson began by writing epigrams, admirable of their kind, with a more lyric nineteenth century handling of the sharp eighteenth century weapon. The epigram lies at the root of his work—that is to say, something essentially of the quality of prose. He is a Pope who has read Keats. Oratory or the epigram come into his most characteristic passages, as in the well known and much admired lines on the greatness and littleness of man:

> Magnificent out of the dust we came
> And abject from the Spheres.

Now that, striking and effective as it is, is an antithetical ingenuity which a really fine poet would have gone out of his way to avoid. It is oratory, not poetry, and it would make good oratory, for there point has need of all its sharpness; oratory is action.

It is through this oratorical quality of mind that Mr. Watson's style, though so ordered and measurely, often leaves an impression of having been deliberately heightened above the level of ordinary speech. The great things in poetry are song at the core, but externally mere speech. Think of some actual, anonymous Elizabethan song, and then read the piece which Watson has called "Song in

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Imitation of the Elizabethans." It is not merely that he has not captured the exact note of the period, but rather copied the note of a later period; such lines as

> Idly clanged the sullen portal,
> Idly the sepulchral door,

are not direct speech, and can therefore never become pure song. They are dressed in poetical phraseology, which is a very different thing.

It is curious to find this quality in a writer who is in every sense so critical. Behind a great deal of Watson's work there is the critical intelligence, not the poetical temperament. "Wordsworth's Grave" is written in discipleship to Matthew Arnold, and it is not Arnold when he is at his best—the Arnold of "Sohrab and Rustum" and "The Sick King in Bokhara"—that Watson has approached, but that half poet, half prose writer who wrote the Obermann poems. The foundation of those poems is prose, and a great deal of their substance is no more than rhymed prose. But at times the poet flashes out, transfiguring material and form for the moment, before he drops back into prose again. Watson's work is more on a level; he neither falls so low nor rises so high. But, even more than with Arnold, the substance of it is criticism, and the thinking and the style suggest the best kind of prose. Set the poem, with its finely chosen epithets and phrases—"Impassioned quietude," "Thou wast home," "Thou hadst, for weary feet, the gift of rest," "the frugal note of Gray," and the like—beside Pater's essay on Wordsworth, and you will find many points of resemblance, and not only in the echo of "impassioned quietude" from Pater's "impassioned contemplation." Compare it with Matthew Arnold's essay on Wordsworth and you will again find many points of resemblance, not only in detail, which would not matter, but also in the whole way of approaching and handling the subject. Does the rhyme bring in any essential difference between specimens of fine prose and this poem, so well thought out, so

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poetically expressed? There lies the whole question, for if it does not bring such a difference, can it be accepted as poetry, as an adequate kind of poetry?

Criticism, though it may find place in a poem (as in Shelley's Letter to Maria Gisborne) can never be the basis of poetry. Pope tried to turn the current of English poetry into this narrow channel, but the sea-force soon had its way with the banks and dykes. Watson has tried to revive that heresy; he has disguised its principles under new terms, but it remains the same heresy. Poetry is even less a criticism of thought than it is a "criticism of life," it must be at all points creation, creation of life, creation of thought, if it is to be poetry in the true sense.

It is to Wordsworth, among many masters, that Watson tells us that he is most indebted. Wordsworth is not always a safe master, and it is apparently from him that Mr. Watson has accepted the main principles of his blank verse. Wordsworth's blank verse was more often bad than good; it was bad on principle, and good by the grace of a not infrequent inspiration. At its best, it is not among the great specimens of blank verse, or not for more than a very few lines at a time. It is without vitality, it is without that freedom in beauty which can come from vitality alone. Watson has learned from Wordsworth that it is possible to write grave and impressive lines, sweeping up to fine perorations, in which the pauses are measured, not by the vital pulses of the mood, but by a conscious, cultivated method. Some of Wordsworth's blank verse "The Prelude," though in itself tame and inefficient, takes hold of the reader through a personal warmth which makes him almost forget that he is reading verse at all. But we never feel personal warmth in Mr. Watson; he succeeds or fails as an artificer, and as an artificer only.

It is probably not too much to say that there is not a cadence in his verse which has not been heard before. By what miracle it is that out of the same number and order of syllables no two cadences of Shakespeare and of Browning,

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of Keats and of Herrick, of Crashaw and of Blake, can be precisely matched no man knows or will ever know—least of all the poet himself. He writes what comes to him, and he may work on his writing until hardly a word of the original stuff remains; and with all his care, or in spite of it, the thing turns doggedly into his own manner of speech, and comes to us with a cadence that we have never heard before. He may have read much or little, and it will make barely an appreciable difference. The music that is not learned in books comes from some unknown source which is as variable as the sea or the wind. Music learned from books, however much beauty may be breathed into it by the singer, keeps the taint of its source about it. It is by such music that the literary artist, not the artist in literature, is known.

William Watson's "Odes and Other Poems" is remarkable for precisely the qualities which have distinguished his work since the time when, in "Wordsworth's Grave," he first elaborated a manner of his own. That manner has some of the qualities of eighteenth century verse—its sobriety, its strictness, its intellectual and critical interests; and it also has certain of the richer and more emotional elements of the nineteenth century revival of the Elizabethan passion, and splendor. The reader is reminded of Gray, of Wordsworth, of Matthew Arnold, at moments of Keats and of Rossetti. In spite of occasional and unaccountable blemishes, Watson's work is, in the main, the most careful work of any of the younger poets. Nor is it lacking in poetic impulse. It does not seem to us that this impulse is a very strong one, or one of special originality, but it is there, undoubtedly; and Watson's verse, unlike that of most of the people now writing, justifies its existence. Take, for instance, these opening lines from the ode "To Arthur Christopher Benson":

> In that grave shade august
> That round your Eton clings,
> To you the centuries must
> Be visible corporate things,
> And the high Past appear

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Affably real and near,
For all its grandiose airs, caught from the mien of Kings.
The new age stands as yet
Half built against the sky
Open to every threat
Of storms that clamor by:
Scaffolding veils the walls,
And dim dust floats and falls,
As, moving to and fro, their tasks the masons ply.
But changeless and complete,
Rise unperturbed and vast,
Above our din and heat,
The turrets of the Past,
Mute as that city asleep,
Lulled with enchantments deep,
Far in Arabian dreamland built where all things last.

The grave and equable sweep of this verse, so unlike most of the hot and flurried rhyming of contemporaries, has the excellence of form which gives adequate expression to a really poetic conception. Watson takes a very serious view of things, except in a few attempts at satire or playfulness, which are not quite fortunate either in idea or in execution. He has the laudable desire to enter into competition with the great masters on their own ground. And the result is by no means ludicrous, as it would be with most people. Only it is a little as if the accomplished copyist were to challenge comparison with the picture which he has, after all, copied. Work done in the manner, and under the influence, of previous writers may indeed, under certain circumstances, attain the virtue of originality; but only under certain circumstances. Chatterton, for instance, was original only when he copied, or when he fancied he was copying; Keats was absolutely himself even at the period when his form was entirely imitative. The personality of some men can find no home in the present, can wear no dress of modern fashion; can express itself only by a return to the ways of speech of an earlier age. But this sort of spiritual nostalgia can only become effective when it is a very deep and individual instinct, and not merely a general literary sympathy. Watson has learned more from his masters than he has brought to them. We have read his latest book with real appreciation of its many admirable qualities, but, on closing it, we have no more definite idea

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of Watson himself, of what he really is, apart from what he chooses to express, than we had before opening it. And yet the greater part of the book, in one sense, is quite personal. He tells us what he thought of Stevenson's "Catriona," how he felt in Richmond Park, and of his friendly regard for one or two estimable men of letters. But the real man, the real point of view, the outlook on life, the deeper human sympathies: what do we learn of these? There is, indeed, one poem, among the finest in the book, in which a touch of more acute personal feeling gives a more intimate thrill to the verse—the poem called "Vita Nuova," of which we may quote the greater part:

> O ancient streams, O far-descended woods
> Full of the fluttering of melodious souls;
> O hills and valleys that adorn yourselves
> In solemn jubilation; winds and clouds,
> Ocean and land in stormy nuptials clasped,
> And all exuberant creatures that acclaim
> The Earth's divine renewal: lo, I too
> With yours would mingle somewhat of glad song.
> I too have come through wintry terrors —yea,
> Through tempest and through cataclysm of soul
> Have come, and am delivered. Me the Spring
> Me also, dimly with new life hath touched,
> And with regenerate hope, the salt of life;
> And I would dedicate these thankful tears
> To whatsoever Power beneficent,
> Veiled though his countenance, undivulged his thought,
> Hath led me from the haunted darkness forth
> Into the gracious air and vernal morn,
> And suffers me to know my spirit a note
> Of this great chorus, one with bird and stream
> And voiceful mountain,—nay, a string, how jarred
> And all but broken! of that lyre of life
> Whereon himself, the master harp-player,
> Resolving all its mortal dissonance
> To one immortal and most perfect strain,
> Harps without pause, building with song the world.

But this poem stands alone in the volume as an expression of very interesting personal feeling, the rest being mainly concerned with generalities.

Like all Watson's volumes of verse, these "Odes and Other Poems" contain some excellent literary criticism, conveyed in the neatest and briefest fashion possible. In

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fact, Watson's verse is only too full of sane and measured criticism—an excellent quality no doubt, but hardly one quite compatible with poetry of a high order. But how fine, how exact, how discriminating, is this piece of criticism, for instance, in verse!

> Forget not, brother singer! that though Prose
> Can never be too truthful or too wise,
> Song is not Truth, not Wisdom, but the rose
> Upon Truth's lips, the light in Wisdom's eyes.

It was in the epigram that Watson first did finished work, and his most typical work is certainly to be found in forms more or less akin to the epigram; in the sonnet, for example. There are so many good sonnets in this volume that choice is difficult; here is one called "Night on Curbar Edge":

> No echo of man's life pursues my ears;
> Nothing disputes this Desolation's reign;
> Change comes not, this dread temple to profane,
> Where time by aeons reckons, not by years.
> Its patient form one crag, sole stranded, rears,
> Type of whate'er is destined to remain
> While yon still host encamped on night's waste plain
> Keeps armed watch, a million quivering spears,
> Hushed are the wild and wing'd lives of the moor;
> The sleeping sheep nestle 'neath ruined wall,
> Or unhewn stones in random concourse hurled:
> Solitude, sleepless, listens at Fate's door;
> And there is built and 'stablisht over all
> Tremendous silence, older than the world.

The breadth of phrasing here is noticeable; and it is by such qualities as this, as well as by the careful accuracy with which every note is produced, that Watson is distinguished alike from older men of the type of Alfred Austin, and from younger men of such varying capacities as John Davidson and Yeats. If he has not the making of a great poet, he is already an accomplished poet; and if he does not possess the highest qualities, he possesses several of the secondary qualities in the highest degree.

Watson's "Ode on the Day of Coronation of King Edward the Seventh" is a fine piece of verse writing, and can hardly fail to remind the reader of great poetry. It is constructed with care, it flows, it has gravity, an air of

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amplitude, many striking single lines, and its sentiments are unexceptionable. When we read such lines as these:

> All these, O King, from their seclusion dread,
> And guarded palace of eternity,
> Mix in thy pageant with phantasmal tread,
> Hear the long waves of acclamation roll,
> And with yet mightier silence marshal thee
> To the awful throne thou hast inherited——

we feel that this is at least workman-like work, written by a man who has studied great masters, and who takes himself and his art seriously. There is not an undignified line in the whole poem, nor a break in the slow, deliberate movement. Watson has style, he is never facile or common. He has frequent felicities of phrase, but he subordinates separate effects to the effect of the whole, and he is almost the only living writer of verse of whom this could be said. His ode is excellently made, from every external point of view. Yet, after reading it over and over, with a full recognition of its technical qualities, we are unable to accept it as genuine poetry, as the equal of the thing which it resembles.

Great poetry is not often written for official occasions, but that it can be so written we need only turn to Marvell's "Horatian Ode Upon Cromwell's Return From Ireland" to realize. Watson looks instinctively to public events for his inspiration, and there is something in his temper of mind and of style which seems to set him naturally apart as a commentator upon the destinies of nations. He has never put any vital part of himself into his work; he has told us nothing of what he is when he is not a writer. All his utterances have been themselves official, the guarded statement of just so much of his own thoughts and feelings as he cares to betray to the public. His kind is rather critical than creative, and it was by his epigrams that he first attracted attention. His technique is so accomplished that he seems very often to be thinking only of what he is saying, when it is evident, on a closer examination, that he is thinking much more of how he is saying it. For the poet who concerns himself with public events this might seem to be a useful part of his poetic equipment. Court ceremonies demand

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court dress. Undoubtedly, but the art of the courtier requires him to forget that he is dressed for an occasion, to forget everything but the occasion. Throughout the whole of his coronation ode Watson never forgets that he is celebrating an important ceremony. His costume is perfectly adjusted, he wears it with grace and dignity; his elocution, as he delivers his lines, is a model of clearness and discreet emphasis. Everything that he says is perfectly appropriate; good taste can go no further. But the occasion itself, the meaning, the emotion, of the occasion? That does not come into the poem; the poem tells us all about it.

Now look at Marvell's ode, and forget for the moment that it is a masterpiece of poetry. What a passion fires the hard, convincing thought! How the mere logic holds the attention! Every word lives, and the cadences (creating a new form for themselves) do but follow the motions of the writer's bright, controlling energy. It is impossible to read the lines aloud without a feeling of exultation. In Watson's ode there is not a breath of life; what is said—admirable and sensible, and at times poetically conceived as it is—comes with no impetus from the mind that has conceived it coldly. And it is to be noted that, though thought and expression are fitted together with great skill and precision, the expression is always rather above the pitch of the thought. Take these lines:

> O doom of overlordships! to decay
> First at the heart, the eye scarce dimmed at all;
> Or perish of much cumber and array,
> The burdening robe of empire, and its pall;
> Or, of voluptuous hours the wanton prey;
> Die of the poisons that most sweetly slay;
> Or, from insensate height,
> With prodigies, with light
> Of trailing angers on the monstrous night,
> Magnificently fall.

There we find expression strained to a point to which the thought has not attained. In other words, we find rhetoric. Weight and resonance of verse do but drag down and deafen that which they should uplift and sound abroad, when, instead of being attendants upon greatness, they attempt to replace it.

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THE TRUISTIC LACK IN OUR EDUCATION

By DAVID GOLDBERG

WHEN the European first met the American face to face, mind to mind, and heart to heart, as it were, as a fighter on the battlefields of Europe, as an arbitrator in its occupied regions, and as a dispenser of immense free-will offerings to its hungry, he was puzzled by the strange psychology of the American, which appeared to him as if combining two opposites, the ideal with the material, low motives with generous impulses. For in pre-war Europe, America's reputation had been fixed as the land of crass materialism, the land whose national symbol "U. S." had been contracted to designate the dollar sign. They observed, in pre-war Europe, that we in America have too many millionaires and too few celebrities in the fine arts. They observed that our most noteworthy accomplishments lie in the direction of technical improvement and mechanical perfection; that we have the finest and fastest moving trains, the tallest skyscrapers, the best equipped observatories and laboratories, and possibly also the most skilled engineers and surgeons. They observed, in fine, that we possess a very imposing utilitarian equipment, but that we have to go to them for philosophers, literateurs, and artists. They, therefore, concluded that it must be that the sole interest of the American lies in making living easy, comfortable, and commodious, but that he has no interest in exploring the hidden recesses of life itself and fathoming its depth. They put us down as a nation of crass materialists.

But a personal and intimate acquaintance with the American as he revealed himself overseas, forced upon the European a revision of his fixed notion as to the quality and

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temper of our youth. It is unfortunately true that the most repeated American slogans are the slogans relating to "business" and "prosperity." But it seems, upon scrutiny, that these slogans represent, not the intrinsic and heavy traits of the American, but rather his superficial and light traits, which break out on the surface because of their lightness, as bubbles of air break out on the surface of water. This the Europeans have seen for themselves.

For in Europe, if one's sole ambition is the making of money, part of that very ambition is to *keep* the money made, whereas the American spends his money even with greater ease than he earns it. They have seen how generous and how lavish the American has been with his dollar while over there, and they could not help realizing that, were the dollar so dear to him as it was reputed to be, he could not have been so lavish and so careless with it. Also they have seen this: Every European nation that entered the world war, went into it with the expectation, and even with the express stipulation, of some material reward, in the form of indemnity or territorial acquisition. Since the armistice, these nations have been wrangling with one another concerning the division of the spoils of the war and have thus kept the world's wounds open and bleeding. The Americans alone have paid their own way to European battlefields, have paid some one else's way over there, without the expectation and stipulation of indemnities or territorial acquisition, and since the armistice, while others have been engaged in driving hard and bloody bargains over dismembered nations, the Americans have been feeding half of Europe out of their pockets, with no thought of remuneration; Is the American a crass materialist? Is he living for the sake of the almighty dollar? How could one part so freely and so generously with that which it has been one's sole object to acquire?

Yet, the observations of the European concerning the *outstanding* features of American civilization are unfortunately true. They are features of high technical and

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mechanical perfection; they testify to a passion for comfort, for ease and commodity, but they do not testify to a deeper spirituality and an ethical appraisal of life. It is as if our civilization had lacked the cultural element, the fineness and nobility—the soul. Our city councils and our chambers of commerce are overwhelmingly concerned with good roads projects, with irrigation projects, and with every other project that concerns the material well-being of a city; they are only superficially concerned with cultural problems of the city, with schools, libraries, museums, and institutions of fine arts. Instructors are employed at criminally small salaries virtually precluding their devoting themselves whole-heartedly to the profession they so love, while the endowing of libraries is left largely to private philanthropic initiative. And needless to say, an American municipality would not subsidize opera, drama, or a conservatory of music. Again, our Federal government has every department necessary for the conduct of the country's business, but it has no department for the conduct of the country's education. It has no department of education!

Thus, a discrepancy is existing between the actual and potential American, between the American who is a big-hearted humanitarian and capable of high idealism, and the every-day American as reflected through his institutions and cultural achievements. This discrepancy cannot be charged to the pliable and susceptible American youth, nor to the American school teacher, who, as a rule, is an idealist of the highest order. But it can be charged to a faulty conception of the purpose of education itself, and a faulty curriculum in consequence of that faulty conception. It would seem as if our present-day school curriculum is designated to keep the fine impulses of the American youth in abeyance rather than stimulate them into expression. It would seem as if the motive of American education is utilitarian, and not at all truistic.

The ideal education is motivated by both utilitarianism and truism. The utilitarian side of education furnishes us

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the instruments of comfortable living, while the truistic side of education supplies us with the sense of the value of life itself. It supplies us with the good taste of comfortable living, so to speak. The utilitarian furnishes our civilization its gloss and veneer; the truistic brings out its intrinsic value, its inner worth. For the fulness of the life of a nation, both the utilitarian and the truistic must be emphasized in the right proportion in its system of education. That is a truism.

It is therefore proper that the curriculae of the elementary schools should be designed with a view to equip the pupil with a rudimentary practical knowledge of the world he lives in, his immediate world. He must be taught, above everything else, how to read, write, and spell his country's tongue, and he must be taught United States history, civics, and geography. Should he go no further in his studies, he will at least be endowed with an initial equipment that will enable him to elbow his way to mediocrity. It is proper, in other words, that utilitarianism should be the dominant motive of the lower school curriculum. But should utilitarianism continue to be the dominant motive of the high school and college curriculae?

Is it serving the better ends of education to say, as it is being said now all over the country, that we must teach Spanish in our schools, only because we are doing business with Mexico and South American countries, but that we need not study Latin or Greek, because these are dead languages, not French or German, because with the former we are doing but little business, while with the latter we have been at war? Is it true that we would enhance the value of our education by eliminating from the curriculae everything that is classical, because we have left the classical age far behind us? And is it true, as it is being said now all over the country, that we ought to eliminate studies in philosophy and even literature, excepting English literature, in order that more time might be utilized for practical studies?

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An editorial article on the theme "Better English Week," pubished in one of the leading southern dailies, has this to say, among other things:—

> But the one great lesson we should all learn this week is the place of our language in the American schools. Think of the time that has been worse than wasted trying to force the native full-blooded American to study foreign languages in our free American schools: Think of the lessons, the time and the energy the nerves that have been consumed right here in our own country trying to foreignize Americans, instead of Americanizing foreigners!—Where would we be today as speakers and writers and thinkers, if all the time that most of us spent in college on foreign and dead languages had been spent on going deeper into the beauty of our own loved language? There are high school students all over the country who can conjugate the verbs in several languages but cannot write a letter in English that one could scarcely **read.**

Mark the diction of him who advocates discarding all foreign languages that more time might be spent "on going deeper into the beauty of our own loved language." Note particularly the last sentence. Is it all very practical?

We are doing injustice to the great American youth in that we deny them access to studies which, while not of practical utility, are nevertheless of incalculable value, because they tend to deepen our life and sweeten it, to soften its sordidness, and give it the touch of the ideal, the true, the good, and the beautiful. It may be that there is no market value for ethics and philsophy, that we cannot cash the theories of Spinoza, Kant, William James, and Henri Bergson. But if what these men have thought out for us has done no more than point out the complex and intricate side of life, even the hidden and the mysterious—and has engendered in us a desire to think out life, not merely to function it; if it has stirred up our own latent thinking capacities, so that, in a moment of elation and depression, we may retire in solitude of mind and contemplate, just contemplate ourselves, our joys and sorrows—is there any market value comparable to that? Is there a cash remuneration commensurate with the satisfaction derivable from the ability to think out a thing? And what preparation do our high schools and colleges afford us for that? They over-

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emphasize the practical and under-emphasize the ideal. They are motivated by utilitarianism, but not by truism.

Boys and girls, like men and women, may be divided into two main categories, the practical and the idealistic. It is largely the temperamental equation of the youth that determines his bent of mind. Those of a practical bent of mind will not take readily to classical studies, and those of an idealistic bent of mind will not take readily to the practical studies. But both types of mind are indispensable to the collective or social mind of the nation. An ideal system of education is conceived, with a view to serving, ultimately, the collective or social mind through the proper unfolding of the native endowments of the studying youth, be these endowments of the practical or of the idealistic quality. In continental Europe they have long ago grasped the significance of this, and their system of education provides for two types of high school, corresponding to the two types of pupils. They have what might be termed, a high school of sciences, and a high school of arts. The curriculum of the former leads the students with a practical bent of mind into the higher technological institutions where they qualify for the engineering professions. At the same time, the curriculum of the latter leads the students of the idealistic bent of mind into the university where they qualify either for the academic chairs, such as history, philosophy, and philology, or for the classical professions of law and medicine. Both of these, as finished products, blend and serve *admirably* the nation. In effect, the European system of education is highly economical, as it eliminates largely the waste that results from forcing unpractical studies on the practical mind and practical on the unpractical mind. Its main value, however, lies in that it assures European civilization of a cultural quality which American civilization lacks. A European is not afraid that study of a foreign tongue will deduct from his knowledge of his own tongue, because he knows that the study of a foreign tongue alone can give one a sense of language. The reason why we are so steeped in

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slang and colloquialism is surely not because we were asked, in our high school days, to study Latin and French—but because the study of these was not sufficiently insisted upon.

We ought to have more regard for the cultural aspects of education than we have now, and emphasize the truistic as well as we do the utilitarian. We ought to create the channels for the development of our artistic potentialities so that, at some future time we shall be as self-sustaining in artists as we are in scientists. We ought to have a national curriculum for our higher institutions of learning, especially for the professional institutions, and we ought to have a Federal department of education. All this for sake of Economy and Truism.

PRAYER

By JOHN GIRDLER.

Just this I ask,—an eye to see
My neighbor's woe; a heart to share
His grief with honest sympathy
If this may help his cross to bear.

I also ask a ready hand
That I may raise him if he fall;
A loaf if he be needy, and,
An ear to hear him if he call.

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THE MAGIC OF MODERN INDUSTRIALISM

By JOHN CANDEE DEAN

THERE is a prevailing custom among certain popular writers to condemn modern systems of production by calling repetition work soul-destroying, and an utter negation of human nature. According to R. Austin Freeman, man was progressing fairly well until the middle of the eighteenth century, when he discovered that power could be applied to machinery and made to do his work—then he began to degenerate.

Among other writers who wish to return to what may be called medieval methods of production is John Galsworthy. He says:

"Before the industrial era set in, when men used to make things by hand, there were some sort of artists * * * Now they press buttons. They don't make completed articles, they work with machinery, so many hours machine driving per day, the total result of which is never a man's individual achievement."

He points back to the fifteenth century when art was a part of the workman's interest, and such exquisite architecture as that of the Cathedral at Seville was produced, so beautiful that the workmen were inspired with joy in their employment. It happened that the Canterbury Cathedral was begun even earlier than that at Seville, but its construction covers much of the same period; it was not completed until early in the sixteenth century. Architecturally, it compares very favorably with the beautiful Seville Cathedral.

We have very good historical records of labor conditions of that period. Slavery existed in the strictest sense in Saxon times, and did not die out for centuries thereafter. At the time of the building of the Canterbury Cathedral,

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slavery still survived as a punishment of criminals and vagrants. In fact, the fierce provisions of the statutes of Edward the Sixth were not repealed until 1597. The statute of Elizabeth (1562) regulated wages, punished refusal to work, and prevented the migration of laborers.

The following regulations of labor under the Elizabethan statute continued in force for about two centuries: Hiring of common labor was generally by the year, and any unemployed person was bound to accept service on pain of imprisonment. Mechanics were paid by the day or week. From March to September they were required to begin work at, or before, five o'clock in the morning and continue work until between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. In the winter, they were required to work from dawn to dark. Wages were set at less than a penny an hour. One penny was deducted for each hour absent from work. Laborers were practically all illiterate. Comment on these conditions is unnecessary, as no sensible person wishes to return to an industrialism of darkness, ignorance and inhumanity.

We hear much cant regarding the debasing influence of commercialism, and some assign wealth and luxury as potent causes of the decay of nations and the fading of the arts. The truth is that no nation has ever been pre-eminent in art, science, literature, and general culture that did not first excel in commerce. Commerce leads the way, and all arts, all professions, all culture follow.

Talleyrand said: "They who did not live before 1789 knew not the sweetness of life." They who now rail against commercialism were born too late, they are social misfits. Since people cannot live without commerce, they must, at least, be forced to recognize its necessity. Many of this modern gentry belong to a class of fickle changelings and discontents who are unable to adapt themselves to established social environments, and therefore propose to have the environments changed to fit themselves. They blame others for their own social predicament and attack those

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who have the knowledge and foresight to succeed under the established social order of things.

Arthur Pound, a writer on this subject, accuses science and invention of expanding the physical powers of man through machinery, without dilating his soul. He also charges the employers with limiting the education of employees. He says: "It seems that their goal is education for production." His remedy is government control of the machinery of production, and he remarks:

"The people of the earth look to governments to set up a moral control over machine use: this instinctive turning to state for relief is sound to the core, since states are the only grouping of humanity, strong enough to harness the iron man to the chariot of human wellbeing."

It may be said that next to the United States Steel Corporation, our government is the largest manufacturing organization in this country. In its arsenals, navy yards, armories, printing offices, etc., the latest automatic machinery for rapid production is employed. The iron man is now as much hitched to the chariot of human wellbeing in private works as it is in government works. Does it not sound foolish to propose government control of self-acting machinery? Are not steam engines, gas engines, electric motors, harvesters, etc., automatic machines? All industrial progress is toward greater automaticity in machinery.

Eli Whitney, by his genius, became the progenitor of the present American industrial system. He graduated from Yale in 1792, and in 1798 secured a profitable government contract for manufacturing firearms. He at once devised a new system of rapid and accurate reproduction of the parts of a gun, which could be assembled without refitting. His system of standardization and reproduction of parts included the division of labor by which each man worked on but one part. Earlier he had invented the cotton gin which automatically picked the seed out of cotton. The first little model of this iron woman could remove the seeds from fifty pounds of cotton a day. The living slave woman

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could pick the seed from only one pound of upland cotton per day. Now one cotton gin will automatically do the work of thousands of human hands. By this invention America prepares a fibre that clothes the world, and she now supplies about two-thirds of the world's cotton. The invention of automatic mechanical devices for rapid production have equalized human opportunity for intellectual advancement, and released millions of workmen, living and unborn, from exhausting cheerless drudgery by substituting arms of steel for those of flesh and blood.

Many popular writers who criticize self-acting machine production appear to have no practical knowledge of their subject. During the Civil War we had the same system of automatic productions that we now have, but not so highly developed. Armories had their gun parts drop-forged. Milling, profiling, multiple drilling in jigs, etc., were practiced then as now. Parts were produced by the thousands ready for assembling into the finished guns. The writer of this article is no novice in the art of production with automatic machinery. He was for many years a workman in a large manufacturing plant, and passed through a long familiar contact with machinery. Looking back over many years of interesting work in passing from workman to designer, employer, and finally to principal, he can say that those years of humble machine operation were among the happiest of his life. He never had that envious hatred of foreman and of employer which today poisons the minds of inferiors. Youth, ambition, and determination to acquire a liberal education, combined with optimistic hope of a final competence, sustained his spirits in the game of life.

Listen not to those who strive to stir up discontent by saying that with our modern factory system and self-acting machinery, there is no chance for a workingman. There never were greater opportunities for advancement than now. If the workingman's lot is hard, do not blame society, but see if his trouble does not arise from his own mistakes. The common man too often lays the fault of his bad condi-

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tion on others. The wise man lays the fault on himself. America has always been a country where the working class is most favored. The high scale of wages paid here has been the chief incentive to invent automatic machinery for rapid production, and thereby enable the employer to pay high wages, and foster the spirit of equality.

Man's progress during the past one hundred years has been chiefly scientific and industrial. Pure science always precedes applied science. Modern industrialism has arisen from applied science, largely through the substitution of thermal power for vital power, and especially by the application of chemistry to the industrial arts. Four men made the chief discoveries in pure science from which the industrialism of the past century has developed. They were Lavoisier, Faraday, Bessemer and the unknown chemist who discovered that steel is a combination of carbon and iron. Bessemer invented the process of making chemical steel, which gave us the age of steel. Lavoisier was the father of modern chemistry. Faraday, the great chemist and physicist, invented the electric motor. It was only a rotating wire, but it involved the fundamental principles of electric motors and dynamos. These inventions gave us the industrialism of the electro-chemical age in which we now live.

The invention of steam, electric, and other thermo-dynamo motors, instead of having a degenerating effect on workmen, has raised them from servile human machines to tenders of machines which perform their work more accurately and perhaps a thousand times faster than could be done by hand. The hand and the mind of the workman are mechanically set free. The illiterate man of earlier times could not have had the desire for intellectual freedom that the masses now possess. Mechanics sometimes suggest improvements in their machines to increase output, especially where the piece work system is employed; they are eager for betterments which reduce effort and increase earnings. This is human nature. It is related that when

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one of Watt's early engines was put into operation, a bright boy was employed to open and close the admission and exhaust steam valves. To relieve this tedious service, he attached cords to the working-beams which pulled the hand levers, thus opening and closing the valves at proper intervals. Thereafter all engines were made self-acting.

In all works, where there is repetition production, there must be many highly skilled tool makers and machinists to adjust and repair the machinery. It should not be assumed that all workers possess the capacity to become skilled artisans. The world is full of incapable workmen who are unable to acquire the skill for doing anything but simple manual labor. These may operate some simple self-acting machine, but they can get no higher. Some of them may be very intelligent in other directions, but are incapable of acquiring manual dexterity, and often unable to understand simple mechanical principles, such, for instance, as to how a canal lock works, to say nothing of the principles of thermodynamics. The highly skilled are always the most in demand, since they are few. Boys will no longer serve as apprentices because they can find employment as "handy boys" on certain machines at three times the wages of apprentices. They do not know that the most capable of those who "serve their time" become tool makers at more than double the wages of "handy men," and if they escape the caste of labor unions, are in line for promotion to foremen, superintendents and managers.

In Mediterranean countries the writer has seen women spinning with the ancient distaff, with hanging spindle, and has wondered how many thousand of such women spinners would be required to produce the quantity of thread now spun by one man tending automatic ring spinning frames. It is marvelous to see the work of automatic textile machinery in modern factories where rows on rows of highly developed automatic machines of superhuman ingenuity reduce labor and attendance to a minimum, and rapidly convert raw material into finished cloth. The mental activ-

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ity required is a thousand times greater than that of the distaff spinner. Man himself is an automatic mechanism. By his god-like creative faculties, shown in his automatic machinery, he mirrors himself.

It must not be overlooked that within sixty years the hours of factory labor have been reduced from seventy-two hours per week to forty-four hours. This change has been produced mainly by the development and use of improved automatic machinery. Owing to the advance in wages, the employer cannot afford to permit physical drudgery which hand work formerly involved; he therefore provides small cars and trucks for moving parts, and supplies pneumatic hoists for lifting heavy pieces in and out of machines. The factory operative now has sixteen and one-half hours out of twenty-four of freedom from labor, not including holidays, which are increasing in number. This leisure should be of more value to him than his wages. The world of learning is open to all through books, and many eminent men have shown that the highest culture may be attained by self-education.

The genius of success is work; the man who will not work more than eight hours a day will not get anywhere. Discontent never made a man out of a two-legged lazy creature. That is why so many men are miserable. Notwithstanding a common belief to the contrary, money and brains are generally in partnership. It is seldom that capital is separated from ability, and then it is only a temporary status. The saying "a fool and his money are soon parted" is quite true. It is not money that people love, but the power which money gives them. The love of power is universal, and even the most incapable people desire to possess and exercise it. The great majority of the inferior-minded are capable of doing only what they are now doing, viz., operating automatic machinery, paving streets, digging sewers, picking cotton, etc. These are our unfortunate unskilled laborers who drift from one job to another. While they play a useful, important part in our civilization, very

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few of them possess the skill and judgment necessary to elevate them to higher positions. Promotions in life depend more on the gray cortex of the brain than on opportunity. The more that brains are mingled with the effort the higher the pay.

Much information on this subject has been gathered from the intelligence tests made on nearly two million men entering the army during the great war. Cornelia James Cannon has given us startling information regarding these tests. We are shocked by the revelations regarding the lack of intelligence shown by enlisting men. In the effort to sift out the mental defectives not qualified for military service, it was found that a much larger proportion of low-grade intelligence must exist than has heretofore been suspected. Mrs. Cannon states that if a moron is defined as a high grade feeble-minded person, with a mental age of from seven to twelve years, forty-seven and one-third per cent. of those drafted for service would be classed as morons. Employers are aware that men of inferior intelligence become useful employees, and even those classed as morons are successfully engaged in simple repetition work on automatic machines, which require no complex mental processes. They thus lead harmless, simple, useful lives, but we cannot by statute make the lazy equal to the energetic, the insignificant equal to the capable, nor the feeble equal to the powerful. Some assume that general higher education would correct the inequality of intelligence. It is doubtful whether any larger per cent. could successfully complete college courses than are now taking them. The differences in ability to absorb education are as great as the differences in natural intelligence itself. Where there is natural incapacity educational processes are of little avail.

The first great step upward from barbarism toward civilization was made when copper was discovered. From the invention of tools and implements, there arose the arts of the sculptor, the lapidary, and the architect. The possession of metal weapons gave dominant power to nations.

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The production of metals, and the manufacture of metal products is still the basic element of power and progress of nations. The most powerful nations today are those that have great resources in metals and their manufacture, especially in iron and steel. To attain and hold this power, greater and greater automatism in tools and machinery has been necessary. Every tool or machine ever invented by man has been more or less automatic. Man is the tool-using animal, and the nearer his tools approach perfect automaticity, the easier his progress. He is now reaching for the potential energy of atoms, revealed by radioactivity. If this energy is ever secured, it would revolutionize the world's mechanical power. Sir J. J. Thomson estimates that the atomic energy in an ounce of chlorine is about equal to the amount of work required to keep a large ocean steamship running at full speed for a week.

In Russia we have a demonstration of what the abolition of private industrialism and capitalism leads to. H. H. Keely, an American engineer, went to Russia in 1919 to determine the possibility of rehabilitating its manufactories. Recently he has returned, and written an article telling of the conditions in factories now controlled by the Soviet government. Factories in Moscow which are equipped with automatic machinery, designed by Americans, stand idle, because the workmen know not how to operate them. Many of these machines have been ruined through ignorant attempts to run them by men who cannot even read drawings. The manager of the factory has not power to discipline or discharge men without the consent of a committee of workmen who have authority over him. Certain days the manager must do hard physical labor with a gang of men on the theory that all must share in physical labor. Under such conditions successful production is impossible and unthinkable. Mr. Keely says:

"There has been no appreciable production in the past four years, and the consumption has been largely at the expense of the pre-revolutionary supply. The Bolos have

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stolen from their predecessors locomotives and transport equipment, telegraph and telephone, clothing, automobiles, tools and factory equipment. And now as the end is reached, starvation and nakedness are inevitable."

It was our inventive talent in devising automatic machinery, and our genius for organization of great industrial enterprises, that gave us the resources and credit for loaning the Allies ten billion dollars, and for supplying them with munitions, which saved them from defeat. It is the same peculiar character that makes it possible for us to pay more than double the wage rate of European manufacturers, and enables us to successfully compete with them.

REMEMBERED LOVE

By J. Corson Miller.

Within the flitting song-life of a leaf—
Swept far along dim alleys of the mind—
With all the unleashed ardor of the wind—
Blow cluttered flakes of music; even as brief
As sun-caught dew upon a harvest-sheaf,
When Summer in her girlish gown goes blind,
And we wear proud solemnities, and bind
Youth's fading tresses with our treasured grief.

Upon these gallant dreams that died, 'tis just
The dark should cast its mantle of repose;
The glittering censer swung is cloaked with rust,
One flickering candle crumbles to its close.
Old incense-draughts of joy have burned to dust—
O love that bubbled like a rain-kissed rose!

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PROSPERITY AND TAXATION

By OTTO H. KAHN

BUSINESS has been getting better of recent months. It is generally agreed that we have definitely turned the corner and are on the ascending scale. Yet there is still a good deal of unemployment, and considerable discontent, restlessness and maladjustment. "Normalcy" has not yet returned. The very buoyancy on the Stock Exchange and the unprecedented absorption of bonds is in part caused by the fact that the typical American spirit of bold, new, pioneering enterprise is not at work on its former scale, having been crippled by faulty taxation, and that, therefore, funds are flowing into speculation and investment rather than into industrial activity.

The best way to analyze and scrutinize the meaning and nature of a change in heretofore existing conditions is to ascertain what elements differing from those formerly prevailing have entered into the situation. What, then, are the elements which have affected our economic and social and political development in the recent past? Leaving out of account factors of minor importance, I think the principal ones are the following:

The War.

The Peace Treaties and our attitude towards Europe largely resulting therefrom.

Taxation.

Woman Suffrage.

Prohibition, or rather the particular application of that principle in the Volstead Act.

(1) As to the war, while of course the huge destructiveness and profound upheaval of so appalling a calamity needs no emphasizing, yet the war has been over for three and a half years, and, moreover, the extent of its harmful-

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ness to this country, from the strictly economic point of view, can easily be exaggerated.

(2) As to the Peace Treaties, it would be difficult to find a parallel in the history of treaty-making, to the faultiness, wrongheadedness and harmful effects of these instruments, from the point of view alike of the victors, the vanquished and the world at large. What can be done to mitigate the world-wide damage thus caused, and particularly what we can do toward that end, is a problem of great complexity. We hear it said that if we had entered the League of Nations, our influence would have been effective in ameliorating conditions in Europe and thereby, incidentally, to aid our export trade. I fail to see the basis for, and logic of, that contention. The inability of Europe to settle down arises primarily from the conditions of the Peace Treaties, and these conditions cannot be modified under the provisions of the Covenant, except by unanimous consent. Events have shown clearly enough that such unanimous consent for adequate modifications is not obtainable, at least not yet.

Our Government has made plain, tactfully and discreetly, but unmistakably, its views and attitude as to what ought to be done to ameliorate conditions in Europe and I do not see how it could have been more effective if it were one of the forty or so nations that compose the League of Nations. The agitation to attribute part of the responsibility for the existing unsettlement, dispeace and quarreling to our absence from the League of Nations, seems to be little more than an attempt on the part of those responsible for the fatal faultiness of the peace treaties to unload upon others the blame for the consequences which were bound to spring and did spring from those baneful instruments.

As to our export trade, it is too often forgotten that, while it shows a heavy shrinkage from the war years and the two years immediately following, yet even in the year of depression of 1921 our exports aggregated in value almost twice our average exports in the pre-war years of 1913 and 1912.

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However valuable a part of our industrial and commercial activities is our export trade, it is not in its shrinkage that the primary cause of our long continued depression must be sought.

It remains none the less true that, both from self-interest and as a humanitarian duty, we are called upon to do everything we consistently can—without tying ourselves to, and entangling ourselves in, the political affairs of Europe—to aid in bringing about the tranquility and recuperation of that continent, including Russia. And, if we will but bend our mind to it and go at the task in that courageous, clear-headed, straightforward, fair-minded way which characterized our conduct of the Washington Conference, we can do a great deal to accomplish that "consummation devoutly to be wished," more than any other nation and probably more than all other nations together, while yet remaining within those traditions and wise limitations which deep-seated national instincts and popular opinion justly prescribe.

Leaving the matter of taxation as the last item of discussion, I come to

(3) Woman Suffrage. While I did not join in any active steps to prevent the coming of that reform, I admit that I was not favorably inclined toward it. I also admit that I now believe that it has vindicated itself. I believe that, to the extent that it has been a factor thus far, it has been an element for good and that the hope is justified that it will prove an element for more good and a valuable and much needed influence in our politics.

(4) Whatever we may think of Prohibition, I believe the fanatical application of that principle as expressed in the Volstead Act goes much too far and is both practically ill-judged and morally harmful.

(5) The last among the items which I have enumerated as the principal elements of difference between the present and the pre-war period is taxation, and in the faulty policy and methods of our taxation scheme I see the greatest single immediate influence for direct and wanton harmfulness to this country and to all its people.

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Prior to the war the annual expenditures of the Federal Government were approximately One Billion Dollars. They are now about Four Billion Dollars, and even with strict governmental economy can probably not be reduced materially below that sum for a number of years to come. That is a vast increase, yet the burden is not really an excessively heavy one in proportion to the nation's wealth and resources and could be borne with relative ease if it were properly adjusted. As a matter of fact, it is grossly maladjusted. For many years prior to the war, America prospered under a scheme of taxation which sat so lightly on everybody that the subject of taxation was one of but slight general concern. If it has now become one of our major problems, a matter of universal complaint, unceasing discussion and grievous burdensomeness, the reason is to be found far less in the increased revenue requirements arising from the war than in the stubborn adherence to a faulty system and ill-judged methods of taxation.

I favor, and have always favored, the principle of a progressive income tax, but like every other principle, however sound, it must be applied within the rule of reason and with that discrimination which takes account of practical considerations and consequences. We have applied that principle with vindictive unreason. We have turned a rightful theory into a measure of economic violence. The result is writ large in effects hampering and troubling to the country and gravely burdensome to all, but particularly to those who were crudely intended to be the beneficiaries of that theory, *i. e.,* the plain people. It is an old and sad truth that the effects of economic blundering by governments are always felt most by those least able to protect themselves.

And, at the same time, by reason of their very extremes, the high surtax rates have defeated their own purpose, or rather that of their advocates. They have ceased, more and more to be productive. According to the latest published official figures, they have produced but one-third, approxi-

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mately, of what they produced in the first year of their existence. The country is afflicted with all the hampering and troublous consequences flowing from the operations of a Draconic statute, without even gaining the advantage of the revenue that was supposed to result from it. I have personally no doubt that surtaxes imposed at a reasonable rate would produce a larger revenue than do the excessive rates now in force. As the rate of surtaxes is lowered, the aggregate amount of income subjecting itself to taxation will be largely increased. A decrease in rates will bring an increase in volume.

I am convinced that unless and until the glaring errors of our taxation policy are remedied, America will fail in attaining that degree of prosperity and accomplishing that measure of general well-being which are open to a nation in whose domain abounding natural resources are coupled with racial qualities that in the past have found conspicuous expression in zest for work, daring enterprise and broad-gauged achievement.

The social and economic welfare of the country is inseparably connected with the welfare of its industries. The return to normal conditions of industrial activity is, at the moment, our most urgent national need. It cannot be accomplished, I believe, without a wise and courageous revision of our tax laws.

I should like to address the following few questions to all those who, untaught by the test of the past four years, still cling to the ill-conceived and nationally detrimental system of taxation which was inaugurated in the stress, and to meet the exigencies, of war and is no more fitted to be perpetuated in peace than any other war measure:

(1) Has any one, any calling, or any section of the country been benefited by a system which was meant by its promoters to place the principal burden of taxation upon a small minority of the people? Has not, on the contrary, that burden, translated into higher costs, diminished supply of capital, reduced enterprise, decreased employment and

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freakish maladjustments, fallen heavily upon all the people, more heavily indeed than would have been the case under a system less based upon political opportunism and make-believe?

(2) Do you know that our surtax rates are still the highest in the world, that is to say, that no other country has thought it wise and safe to penalize success and discourage enterprise by imposing surtaxes rising as ours do to fifty per cent? Yet, the revenue needs of some of these countries are far greater, proportionately, than are ours. If none of these countries, in the extremity of their needs, has followed our example, does not this consensus of the economic judgment of the civilized world carry some weight, and does it not indicate that we have gone to an unscientific, unwise and harmful extreme?

(3) Is it not a fact that the problem of raising in times of peace so large a sum as Four Billion Dollars by taxation, is an entirely new one to us and that we have no precedent to guide us in its solution? If so, is it reasonable to think that we have found the best solution right off, at the first attempt, in the revenue measure enacted in the midst of war, and to adhere, as we have done, generally speaking, to the economic conceptions underlying that measure? Ought we not rather, while retaining the principle of progressive income taxation, to do some prudent, carefully circumscribed and responsibly sponsored experimenting in order to ascertain through the test of actual experience what is the best and most advantageous and least burdensome way all round to raise the revenue necessary for the conduct of the Government? And if so, ought not the first such experiment, simultaneous with a reasonable reduction of the surtaxes, be the introduction of a sales tax, the principle of which is endorsed by a majority of the business men of the country, which has been advocated by leaders in both political parties, which is so simple of application and collection, so exceedingly small in its individual incidence, and so easily recalled if no longer wanted, that it cannot possibly involve any noticeable hardship upon any one?

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No. 202.—AN ANTI-PROHIBITION ODE

By WILLIAM BULLOCK

WHEN I choose to take spiritous liquor I go to a certain drugstore. There, if the clerk is new and doesn't know me, I say, "I'm No. 202." The clerk hands me pad and pencil. I write my name as I write it on my bank check; when the clerk finds it corresponds to my signature, under the B's in his red record book, he asks, "What do you want?" I state my preference. It may be an importation of Scotch mist, or of Champagne sunshine, or of the dew of Kentucky; but, whatever the varying stimulant I desire, I receive it, pass over the extortionate legal tender demanded, and another lawless transaction is closed.

Lawless, I say, but lawless in what way? Do you see me when I go forth with that full bottle, or bottles perchance, sneaking like a thief? Nay, nay! When I walk down Broadway with my loaded flask on my hip, I hold my head high in exaltation, in pride of possession, in mood to lord it over my less lucky fellowman; I, the lawbreaker, experience no shrinking feeling of guilt at all; instead, I thrill with the ardor of an act well done and quitted.

Why should this strange fact be so? I have never been convicted of any crime. I have never been charged with one; never have I rested under so much as suspicion of wrongdoing. Far from that, in my circle I enjoy reputation as a respectable, even God-fearing man, just as respectable, just as God-fearing, as are my neighbors and friends.

It seems apparent then that in the case of my lawbreaking, under No. 202, there must be an extenuating circumstance. There is! I have broken only a man-made law. In doing that I have fulfilled a higher law—an omnipotent law which grants to me, to you, to the highest

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and the lowliest among us, the right to order and arrange, to live his own life according to his individual choice. If I am wrong by indulging my appetite, if I am a frail child of error by resorting to the subterfuge of No. 202, that is something between my Maker and me. Never—no, not by all the laws that ever were decreed—is it a case between me and legislators presuming to fit me out with morals.

If I had the spirit of a Crusader, or of a Prohibitionist, I should rally all my acquaintances around No. 202. I should have them inscribe it on their banner, and go marching on. But they, like myself, have lived so long in meek submission to narrow-minded busybodies that they refuse to be nagged into revolt; and besides they have numbers of their own.

Moreover, the drugstore named is in one of the most eminently proper sections of our metropolitan community; close by one of our churches it is; with elders and deacons of that edifice of light down in that book, and with well-used numbers. But what of that? This drugstore might have been picked from any city or town in our fair land.

Yes, and in its back room, in the midst of its disguise of paregorics, pills and poisons, foregather men who agree their freedom has been assailed, but who, had they lived in an earlier day, would have cast aside words and asserted their independence with healthy fierceness. Not too much to picture them doing in another time by arrogant law-makers as did rougher, readier men at the Boston Tea Party, or as the Barons, strongly righteous in their cause, did to John at Runnymede, or to imagine them a tramping host, singing that battle hymn which sounded the knell of Louis. Is autocracy dead? No, my friends. It prospers, it is written on the Scroll of Laws of our beloved land.

No. 202 has led me to much reflection. It has a definiteness prompting thought. It is a concrete fact in which a lot is summed up. It typifies something. It stands for a truth which is older than our republican institutions, which would remain were we to awake tomorrow and find our

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civilization wiped out. Before our civilization Nature was, and so hereafter. A trite saying, but in view of our Prohibition fanatics, how pertinent!

I can see the sponsors and advocates of sobriety, chastity, all the virtues, by legislation, curl their lips, smile superiorly, and loftily inquire what Nature has to do with it. Well, Nature had a lot to do with the founding of this republic. Nature has had a lot to do with every step men have taken in the path of freedom. Nature has been kind to us all, to Prohibitionists and hypocrites even.

She welded this old earth of ours, the stars, the moon, and the sun above. In her own good time she mixed her elements again, and produced *us;* gave us our life's breath, made us to creep, to stand erect, to walk. Then Mother Nature made us a gift of the whole round earth; and in making this wonderful gift laid down one law, as manifest and eternal as eternity itself. The place where Nature wrote that law was on men's hearts. Man has given many interpretations to that law, but it always remains the same. Man, too, has struggled and died through the ages, and will so struggle and die again, for that law. What is that law?

Let our Prohibition overlords read the Declaration of Independence—that document without which there would be no Constitution. They will find Nature's law written in plain English there. And how does it read?

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal: that they are endowed, by their Creator, with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Certain inalienable rights! From my Creator! Have I equality? Have I liberty? The equality that was mine has been taken away. The liberty that was mine has been invaded and denied by tyrants decreeing that I shall not live by my will, but by theirs.

Here the matter of the law itself enters in. The easy phrase in our mouths in this regard is, "Law and Order." These two, "Law" and "Order," are one and indivisible.

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"Order" stands for the peaceable freedom in which it is our wish to live. "Law" is the means by which we bring this end about. In his early state man knew no laws; new and remote settlements today organize and progress by mutual enforcement of a few laws, so founded in clear truth and justice that they do not require to be written down.

But we have need for various laws under our present-day complex system; this need first made itself felt when the world came into possession of what are generally known as property rights. These property rights have meant many things: land, crops, herds, houses, railroads, telephones, man himself, to name a few. The great injustices of history, likewise the great rebellions, can be directly traced to and laid against property rights. The human itch for profit, for greedy grasping, for exploiting the people, for wringing from them the uttermost cent, was true in the dawn of history and is true today.

"Law" has been the favorite and surest method to this oppressive end. It took a fight to upset the "law" holding the world in serfdom; it took a fight to refute the "law" that one man could be a king and all other men his vassals; it took a fight to end the "law" which legalized slavery. Since law began men have been fighting down one form of enacted slavery only to see another law striking at them, seeking to rob them of their born privilege of freedom, to put their necks under a yoke. Law is one of our prime necessities, but it will bear watching.

Tyranny wears many cloaks. Prohibition is one of them. Like the Johns, the Georges and the Louis' of history, it seeks to justify and inflict itself by "due process of law." The most soul-stirring fights ever waged by man have been against due processes of law. The Prohibitionists forget.

It has taken No. 202 to wake me up, to stir my blood, made sluggish by the sing-song dinned in my ears that I, with all my countrymen, must be "law abiding." Very well, but let the law first behave itself.

The law is just as strong as its weakest edict. What is this

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that has made me a proud law-breaker? What is this that has caused my friends and myself to plume ourselves, to be objects of envy, when we own and can offer certain beverages to our guests in defiance of law? Something has gone wrong; somehow or other the law has over-ridden itself, brought itself from high and wholesome respect into disdainful, flaunting contempt.

We must face these issues. They won't—they can't—be evaded; they can't be slighted, they won't be solved, by shrinking from giving offense. We owe a debt to ourselves; we owe a debt to the Prohibitionists. Let in the light!

At times I fear for the republic. We legislate for the weak, and glory in this further defiance of Nature's laws. We have no legislative advocacy of the strong. Somebody arises to say, "That's the way it should be." And I say, "There it goes again."

Throughout the uncivilized animal kingdom the law of the survival of the fittest holds; it holds in business; our lawgivers and their reform masters have taken out exclusive patent rights on a new rule of their own. What matter if the race be handicapped? What matter if only the flabby emotions of prudes and sentimentalists are smoothed the right way? Hurrah! for the misfits. This is their day! Let's improve on Nature for the vitalizing and upbuilding of our womanhood, of our manhood, of our generations unborn! Perpetuate them, the puerile, the weak, the unfit!

We are surfeited in this day with laws. I maintain we are cursed with legislation. We read that the German printing presses are turning out a billion paper marks a day. This harvest of folly is equalled by the mills in our legislative halls grinding out "laws."

Our lawmakers are as despots over us. We elect them for one purpose, and they enact another. We permit them the final say, save when they bump their wilful heads against that ironclad idiosyncrasy—the Constitution. Are we afraid to rule ourselves? Must we regulate our comings and goings by and from the scattered dust of ancestors, gone

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this century and a half from our complicated world? Well, if we must be protected against ourselves, there's our safeguard—the Holy of Holies—the Constitution—and look what has happened to it! Unhappy we, abject citizens! Ground down by two unbending, implacable forces. One the echoing of dim, distant voices; one the absolutism declared against us by reformers, risen to power.

We are supposed to be grown men. We are supposed to be freemen. But the same restraints we contended with in childhood, and which retarded us later, now are infesting us on all sides. Our present Congress has before it 15,000 bills—15,000 new laws hanging over our heads. What party platform that we, the people, approved contained them? Our State Legislatures are passing 40,000 additional laws a year—3,000 a month, 110 every twenty-four hours! All save a small fraction of this grand total are "don'ts." Don't! Don't! Don't! Citizens, did I say? Rather weaklings, slaves in our day, baring our backs to the whip.

Our young country took to legislation as if it were a plaything. It has become a fever in our blood and bones. It has grown and bloated itself to the inevitable end, the inevitable liberty-destroying climax. We see legislation gone mad in the so-called Volstead Act. All our laws made a mockery! And we suffer under it! Where the soul of Patrick Henry, of Nathan Hale, of George Washington!

There is another aspect: Paternalism in legislation is a hateful thing. It is vicious and odious. It strikes at my manhood and yours. It shifts from my shoulders the splendid responsibility of my personal well-being. But no matter what our legislators and our Prohibitionists dictate, we will continue to stand in our own well-worn shoes. That's the American way.

Man is at his best fighting his battles single-handed. If my fight is drink, the fight won't be won by someone trying to take it away. In the first place he can't take it away; in the second the only fight worth winning is the one of my

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own making. It's so simple the Prohibitionists can't see it —a man must play his own fiddle or the crowd won't listen.

No, I don't want any legislator or Mr. Volstead regulating my personal affairs. I don't want him to do my thinking for me. I don't want him fighting my fight for self-mastery. I don't want him wishing on me his private code of morals. I want him to do just one thing—let me alone.

Whole nations have been stopped short in the upward path by pedantic cant such as the Prohibitionists preach. The self in man can't be brought into subjection without decay, first in the individual and then in the mass. Before our stage of man's laborious progress to the light, religions, ordering what men must think, dulled and stifled creative literature, the finest product of a real civilization. Mohammed set his doctrinal tyranny upon the Hindu and the Turk. He gave them the uplift of Prohibition, enduring to this day. Will our contemporary Mohammeds please look at them, hold them up to us as a frightful example?

The Prohibitionists pretend to high purpose and honest dealing. How much better are they than we everyday Americans, who refuse to pry into our neighbors' and strangers' houses? Let us observe them. We have been unmindful of important facts.

Those who would constrain us to put on their standards of morality ought to come to us with clean hands—spotlessly clean. At every turn the Prohibitionists oppose themselves to a referendum. If they are of high purpose and honest, with the courage of their convictions, why don't they want this nationally vital question threshed out, why don't they let the majority decide?

When the Prohibitionists went it alone they created a hardly perceptible ripple. They polled a steadily diminishing vote the three last times they put forward a Prohibition candidate for President; they were doomed to fade from view like the Silverites and the Populists. They sought escape from their dilemma; they stopped short their

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hopeless independent party activity, and resorted to political intrigue.

They took stock of the two great political parties. They said, "We'll belong to neither." But they bargained with both, played them off one against the other; they weren't even middle-of-the-road politicians; they were tricksters, trimmers, sandbaggers. They made capital by raising the bugaboo they held the balance of power. In their eyes, there was one and only one problem affecting this nation. They waived all other considerations, if only candidates of every stripe would pledge themselves to them.

Thus they contrived to conjure their minority into a majority. But not—no, never—in the popular vote. They didn't count votes out in the fields and in the cities where you and I go about our daily tasks, believing that nothing to harm us, to shackle us, can happen in our Albanys and our Washington. It was in these latter places the Prohibitionists assembled their votes—votes not obtained by an issue squarely and honorably presented to all the people, but by sharp practices, by stealth, by foxy cunning, by the intimidation of self-serving politicians, coveting office by hook or by crook.

The Prohibitionists further burrowed and crawled into power when our attention was wrapt in the war; they took a mean advantage of us when our minds and hearts were in France. They knavishly tacked a Prohibition rider onto a War Bill. A War Bill, of all things! They were seeking to slip in at a back door again. And they did!

These are the bare, superficial facts. The full account is a shameful record—shameful because chicanery, double-dealing, deception and fraud were and are being practiced by reformers, pretending to be actuated by the purest and noblest of motives. No, the Prohibitionists' hands are not clean!

I believe there is not one among us who does not think that too much drink is a bad thing. But who am I to say to you when the dividing line is crossed? Who am I to

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say to you that because your brother drinks to excess, you yourself shall not drink at all? Who am I to dictate to either yourself or your brother what your personal life shall or shall not be in any manner, shape or form?

Oh, but the Prohibitionists know much better than that. They have gone at it pell-mell, but they have it much better. They're so sure about it that we daring to oppose them are heretical blots on the earth. Make way! Make way! They've started an inquisition of their own. They've put a whole nation on the rack. They won't believe with Galilelo that the world moves.

I'm not against these reformers asking me if I won't be reformed. They are free to their notions. Let them bring me their arguments, and I will listen. But don't let them try to compel me. They came by their reform ideas living in a free country; let it still remain free. If they have a free choice, is not the same inherent in me?

But that does not suit your Prohibitionist. He has a creed of his own; a creed for all men, whether they will or no. His creed knows no fair play. He's the Great Know-It-All. He leaves me no choice; his is a compulsory creed. He comes to me, and, without asking, seeks to stuff his nostrums down my throat. But he won't—let him do his worst—I'm No. 202.

The exact place where law may step in and say "Don't!" to me is when I get unruly and interfere with my fellow-man. That is liberty. That is freedom. When law goes further and takes license with my personal liberty it is not law, but a usurper. And that is the exact place where it becomes my duty to protest, and if protesting is useless, then to fight. Our Prohibitionists and our lawgivers have trampled upon and over-stepped this boundary line. This line is the advance trench of a free people. It was at and across this line, with outraged people going forward, that the battles have been fought bestowing on us our blood-soaked, blood-sanctified heritage of freedom.

A certain wise man counselled moderation in all things.

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The drunkard met with his own sure punishment from society and from Nature for his excess. I respectfully submit that the Prohibitionist is indulging himself to the same excess; making of himself quite as much of a pestering nuisance as the drunkard—to the Prohibitionist anathema. Yet there the similarity presents itself, and persists.

Law must be based on truth. Prohibition is based on false pretense. If it is reasonable for the Prohibitionist to legislate me not to drink, may I not likewise legislate for him to drink a quart a day? "What an immorality!" I hear the pious fellow say. But, if I recall, it's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways.

Preservation of personal liberty is imperative at all costs. Individual independence is quite as important a matter as national independence. For if you have not the first you never can have the second. Only by free individuals can we gain and maintain a free nation. Do our Prohibitionists know what they are attempting to do?

I should like my Prohibition friends to direct their thought to the fact that the tendency of law has been to grow lenient. Their tendency is a growth in severity. Not so long ago the penalty for stealing a sheep was the hangman's rope. In this enlightened day your Prohibitionist would commit me to jail for getting drunk in bed. No, my crime is worse than that. If I have so much as the scent on my breath, if I season my soup, burn it on my holiday pudding, have one drop inside or out, anywhere about my person, I'm a culprit and the jail waits.

Who shall tell me what to drink? Your Prohibitionist? Let him step forward. I have "laws" of my own up my sleeve. And here they are, contexts and whereases in handy form:

1. Be it enacted that the Constitution of the United States be amended to prohibit the use of salt.

The need for this reform is pressing; statistics proving that weak-willed over-indulgence in this mineral, lavished about by Nature with the same prodigal hand as alcohol, has caused many deplorable cases among our people of salt rheum.

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2. Be it enacted that the Constitution of the United States be amended to prohibit the use of onions.

The need for this reform is obvious; statistics proving that a considerable number of our citizens are totally unable to overcome a craving for this common vegetable, with the result that husbands and wives have been separated, families broken up, and whole communities, in fact, given to bickerings and revilings; all because of the unreasoning appetite which seizes said considerable number of our citizens at the mere sight of onions, and further because of the mistake made by Nature in imparting to aforesaid onions an odoriferous taint of a peculiarily permeating and pungent quality.

3. Be it enacted that the Constitution of the United States be amended to prohibit eating.

The need for this reform grows apace; statistics proving that many poor unfortunates among our population shock the sensibilities of the refined and temperate; demean and bloat themselves to ungainly proportions, and frequently die sorrowful and untimely deaths; all due to unappeasable voracity and rash excesses when at the table.

4. Be it enacted that the Constitution of the United States be amended to prohibit the use of air.

Argument here is useless; statistics proving that air is necessary to life; and that, despite and notwithstanding, the Eighteenth Amendment, the Anti-saloon league, Mr. William H. Anderson and Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson, our citizens will continue to imbibe stimulants exceeding one-half per cent alcoholic content, therefore it were better they were all dead.

I think of our Prohibition brethren as I do of the balky mule, that has a head to contain one thought and no more. Build a fire under the mule, or twist his long ears, and he forthwith forgets to balk. The process of twisting Prohibition ears is urgently called for, and, if I know my countrymen, will soon begin.

TEMPTATION

By Richard Butler Glaenzer

To stand upon a mountain-side
Descending sheer to ocean wave,
Gives me the feeling that I ride
The most satanic of all ships
Whose helmsman ever came to grips
With many a seaman's grave.

Something within me bids me leap
Into the sea that sings below
Its lullaby of endless sleep;
But something higher than myself
Draws me back from the dizzy shelf,
Whispering gently: "No!"

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THE "RIGHT" TO GET DRUNK?

By WILLIAM H. ANDERSON

THAT personal liberty ends where public injury begins is not conceded by those whose perversion of an academic notion of a fictitious personal liberty is such that they seriously claim that a man has a right not only to drink moderately, but even to drink until he becomes a brute, if he so desires, so long, they insist, as he does not injure anybody else.

It is noticeable, however, that these men do not contend that a man has a "right" to BE drunk in a public place. That would be too ridiculous to maintain seriously. Generations of men in various lands have consented to the right of others, through the law, to interfere there to protect *their* actual "rights." But are a man's own wife and children less valuable to the State than other men's wives and children; and are safety and peace less of a concern of the State in homes and factories than on the streets? If a man has no "right" to be drunk where some people are, he has no "right" to be drunk where any person is. If he has no "right" to be drunk where anybody else is, he has no "right" to be drunk anywhere even by himself, because while drunk he may go where somebody else is. Mere toleration of private debauchery establishes no vested right of private debauchery.

It is a criminal offense for one to drive an automobile while in an intoxicated condition, not because serious injury has already been inflicted upon anybody, but because it may be. It is the potentiality that counts in the eyes of reason and the law. And the same rule applies to intoxication. One may not transport explosives at will, no matter how careful one promises or intends to be with them. Alcohol is social dynamite. A man steeped in it is a social bomb-

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shell, liable at any moment to explode in crime or some act which, while not a crime, may do serious injury to others. And when it is allowed that the State has a right to interfere with public intoxication, it follows inescapably that the State has a right to interfere with *all intoxication* if it desires to do so. Most of the fanatics who put a so-called personal liberty above the welfare of the public, the right of society to protect itself and its weaker members from that which is injurious and even to protect the individual himself from the consequences of his own folly (and these are the only actual fanatics today on the liquor question) do not want to be put in the position of upholding their "right" to get drunk. They claim to plead only the sacred "right" to drink, asking the public to take their word that they know when to quit and that they will be able to quit at the time they know they should do so.

These apologists are as fond of bootlegging language as of bootlegged liquor. Like criminal traffickers in alcohol for beverage purposes, they seem to think the label on a verbal bottle is a certificate of character for the contents. Nothing makes this plainer than their fraudulent use of the term "right." That is a noble word, but advocates of the privilege to guzzle apparently think of it only as a label which may be soaked off of the things on which it belongs —"soaked" is the word—and applied to every personal right respecting alcohol. Once they called making and selling liquor "rights." Legislation and the courts, in conformity with moral reason, removed that label some seventy years ago. Today one hears little about the "right" to make or sell because the socially damaging nature of the public manufacture and sale of intoxicants is too well established. But "wet" advocates cling to a last frayed argument. They say: "No law has yet been aimed at the right to drink. That is a confession that there is a right to drink; and since there is a right to drink there must be a right to get something to drink. Therefore, prohibition is fundamentally wrong."

They are correct in their logic, but wrong in their prem-

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ises. If there is a "right" to drink, then prohibition is unsound. But if prohibition is a valid exercise of the public will, then there is no "right" to drink, and clamorers about such a "right" are only hastening the day when law and the courts will say so. The courts have in fact already said so and the statute law will say it in due time. Those wets who hang out till the last dog is hung are the ones who will cause the last dog to be hung. We throw this out as an aid to happy thought on the part of wet die-hards after their last theory of right is throttled by events.

This does not mean that it is the purpose of the Anti-Saloon League to advocate any legislation against drinking. But since the friends of liquor want their creed and the principle of prohibition weighed against each other in their ultimate implications, they might as well understand that prohibitionists have no fears on that score and are quite ready to meet that issue when it is forced upon them, just as they have met others.

Of what kind of "rights" do the apostles of personal liberty speak? The very word shows that the word means "things that are right." The Standard Dictionary defines a right as "a claim founded on any consideration of justice, morality, courtesy, custom, civility or upon either natural or positive law."

Justice has to do with fairness between human beings. Every drop of alcohol in a man's blood makes him that much less able, for a time, to distinguish justice. This whole argument about the "right" to drink is largely prompted by thirst and an ache where appetite is supposed to be located. No one would hold drinking an aid to morality. Whatever blunts morals also impairs the capacity for true courtesy, however much the forms of polite intercourse may remain. So courtesy cannot be pleaded in justification of a habit which lessens courtesy. Drink and civility are notoriously foes. Positive law grants no right to drink, and natural law—"the rule of civil conduct deducible from the common reason and conscience of mankind"—offers noth-

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ing in support of such "right." Custom alone can be held to justify it while every other consideration which goes to determine human rights is against it. And when justice, morality, courtesy, civility and natural law are against a thing, mere custom, and silence as yet on the part of positive law, cannot maintain it as a right. Those who invoke the word "right" against prohibition, inscribing it upon their banners and pretending to march in company with the world's martyrs and prophets do not, no matter how much they may think to the contrary, achieve an air of great tragedy. They only emphasize the farcical nature of their performance and furnish additional reason for prohibition by the demonstration of what alcohol does even to the reasoning processes of its addicts. As open warriors on behalf of appetite, greed and things as they used to be, they could at least play an honest part. The public, however, will be unable to restrain its mirth as physically opulent and illuminated disciples of Bacchus struggle with the robes and make-up of pious Humanitarianism.

The fact that nothing has been said by the law as yet about drinking *per se* is not because there is any "right" to drink, but because the law is still dealing with the commercially organized phases of the alcohol offense against society. So long as Federal and State governments licensed the beverage liquor traffic they could not consistently legislate against drinking, though there was widespread teaching in the public schools in obedience to statute to the effect that drinking damages both bodies and brains. Yet every item of prohibition legislation has had as its objective the lessening of the consumption of alcohol. While men still live in whom the State, for a fee, helped create an appetite for alcohol, it may be neither wise nor just to make drinking a crime.

But the right of a Legislature to prevent drinking has been as definitely asserted by the courts as has any other of the rights to prohibit. Thirty-two years ago the Supreme Court held it to be a false assumption that the evil results

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of drinking concern the drinker only or that what he shall drink "is not properly a matter of legislation." What he drinks to allay normal thirst and supply proper body fluids is outside the field of legislation, but what he drinks for toxic or poisonous purposes, as the victim of a habit or in obedience to a depraved or unnatural tendency is not. Taking a narcotic drug in the form of a powder or hypodermic injection is already under the ban of the law and nobody considers that ban an infringement of rights. Taking a narcotic poison in liquid form is no different in principle. In the case of W. Va. v. Exp. Co., the Federal Court of Appeals said this:

"The State may not only legislate against sale, but against other acts which may tend to defeat its policy of preventing consumption of liquor."

To contend that there is a right to drink liquor after the courts have for three generations upheld increasingly stringent laws meant to carry out a "policy of preventing consumption of liquor" is nonsense.

The trouble with the personal liberty plea on behalf of drink is that it means personal liberty for the drinker only. But his liberty impairs the liberty of others. A passerby was lamenting to a policeman about the "closed" sign on a saloon in upper New York City. The officer's reply was:

"If you knew the number of times I've been called into houses around here to prevent the murder and injury of women and children by men who bought booze in that place, you'd thank God for the change. The Government's been pretty free giving personal liberty to the 'old man'; why the hell shouldn't it protect the personal liberty of the children?"

The day that science demonstrated alcohol to be a narcotic irritant; a depressent and not a stimulant; a poison and never a food in any practical respect, all "right" to the free imbibing of it perished morally, however slow some may be to see that fact.

After speaking of how all "admit that the State may properly pass laws to preserve the morals of the community by punishing murder, rape and such crimes," ex-President Taft, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United

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States, said in 1919 while discussing "Is Prohibition A Blow At Personal Liberty":

"The more doubtful question is where the line is to be drawn as to acts not intrinsically vicious and immoral, but having a tendency if not restrained to lead to demoralization in society. The line is more or less a matter of custom. The attitude of the public in respect to it differs radically in different countries, and at different times in the same country. * * *

"* * * Liberty guaranteed by the Constitution is liberty regulated by law. The law which regulates liberty is that which is adopted upon the will of the majority for the general public benefit. In no community where there is any neighborhood relation between one person and another, or between one family or another, can there be complete freedom of action. The caveman is really the only man that ever enjoyed that kind of liberty, and his liberty was subject to complete restraint by death from a stronger caveman with a larger and heavier club. Liberty regulated by law is that measure of freedom of action which can be accorded to each person without injury to the enjoyment of similar liberty by others or to the general welfare of all.

* * * * * * * *

"This array of the immoral and vicious effects of the free manufacture and sale of liquor upon the community can leave no doubt that the curtailment of personal freedom in effective Prohibition is small as compared with its benefit to society. This settles its conformity to true principles of personal liberty."

This brings us back where we started. Custom is the only foundation for believing there is a "right" to drink and that is totally inadequate to support a thing which science proves deleterious and experience says tends to result in social damage.

Doubtless because of recognition of the flimsiness of the claim of the infringement of any actual "right" the pro-liquor fanatics (the term fanatic being defined by the Standard Dictionary as "one who is actuated by extravagant or intemperate zeal * * * a ferocious bigot") claim that the prohibition law was "put over" by a minority. The off-hand reply to this, which treats this contention as seriously as it really deserves, is that if it were true, it would constitute one of the best arguments in favor of prohibition, because it would indicate that a minority sober is too much for a majority that is alcoholized.

The claim that prohibition was "put over" by a minority is in fact an attack upon the American system of govern-

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ment in its implication that it lends itself to tyranny or despotism by a minority, and is a slander upon the American people in its implied charge, in the face of all history, that they would tolerate anything of the kind.

It has been seriously argued as proof that prohibition was "put over" by a minority that it was done by a few thousands of men comprising the more than two-thirds majority of both houses of Congress who submitted the Eighteenth Amendment and the more than a constitutional majority in both houses of the Legislatures in the necessary thirty-six out of the forty-six states that have ratified it. According to this line of typical alcoholic "reasoning," every other law under our representative form of government was put over by a minority. For example, the draft law was "put over" by a few hundred men in Congress without the millions of voters having a chance to cast a vote on it. This is so absurd that it seems puerile to answer it and yet the degenerating effect of alcohol upon the human intelligence has evidently progressed so far in certain strata, and not exclusively in the lower ones, in the larger cities, that if it is not answered we are likely to be treated to the spectacle of some solemn "wet" seriously arguing that the fact that it was not answered is a confession that it could not be answered.

FAITH

By JOSEPH SAMUEL REED

There is no death—
  And yet—
His messenger
Came, beckoned her,
  They met;
For her fair face
She left in place
  A wraith?
Nay, vastly more,
An open door—
  Through Faith.

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AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

IS CIVILIZATION waning? Is it, as George Santayana suggests, approaching "one of those long winters that overtakes it from time to time." This is no light, trifling question, and yet it is one that is beginning to be discussed in an airy, disinterested way with apparently some of the sub-conscious feeling that at least civilization will last out the lives of most of those who are interested in the discussion and that therefore there is hardly any reason for being at all perturbed over the future. This is perhaps the most depressing sign of our times—the extreme selfishness, the very frank view that the individual happiness is what counts more than ideals, principles, or the collective good. The fact that civilization was produced by devotion, not to self but to ideals, principles and the weal of others seems to be lost track of in our self-centered day, and certainly there seems to be little realization of the fact that along with the advantages of civilization there was the responsibility to carry on by unselfish activity and the maintainance of those ideals and principles that brought it about.

At a semi-public luncheon recently one of America's important men dolefully remarked that while he had not lost faith in democracy, nothing had happened recently to increase his faith or to strengthen it. It may be true that democracy is not the best product of modern civilization but it is certainly an inevitable product and the spread of our civilization has been due to the development of democracy. In other words, the one produced the other and the latter product fostered, strengthened and widened the influence of the parent. One thing is sure and that is that if democracy is to go, civilization will totter. It was, therefore, a shock to hear a thinking, clear-visioned and forceful leading American conceal his disbelief in what is a fundamental tenet of our government by a pessimistic note. This man has capacity for leadership but like many others is losing his opportunity because of his willingness to be a pessimist—in other words,

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his willingness to give up faith. It isn't necessary for a man to be distributing sap-headed optimism on every conceivable subject or in every conceivable situation to be an optimist. All one has to do to appreciate what real optimism is is to read some of the wonderful political writings of Mazzini who was able to plan for the future amid the most distressing circumstances—circumstances far more distressing, perhaps, than anyone in our time will see, and yet he never lost his faith in the future because he understood fundamental laws.

And that is what leaders must be, optimists—never pessimists; for subconsciously the people understand that those who have an insight into the laws of nature—those who sense the fact that nature does move toward something, are optimists. And more than this, men will only follow those who can offer them some hope. If the human being had never had, at least, that attribute—the will to hope, the will to live, he would still be wallowing in a Silurian bog.

* * * * *

Several months ago we quoted the reprinting of the essays of Joseph S. Auerbach as evidence of the fact that the people will welcome healthy old-fashioned optimism, old-fashioned morality and old-fashioned leadership if they are clothed attractively.

America, says Santayana in another part of the book from which we have quoted, will by nature be intolerant of "coddling" socialism.* But will this remain true if those who have the ability—the particular kind of ability which Americans most admire and produce, business ability—turn sour pessimists, refuse to voice anything but the most dispairing and discordant views, and without even a battle for their own convictions retire in the doldrums leaving the field to the noisy and shallow opportunists who pretend to be leaders of democracy but are at heart communists.

The next ten or twenty years in this country will see many important and vital problems either settled or developed to the point of danger. It takes ten or twenty years to develop a delusion, an equal time to accomplish a reform, if we read the history of our country aright. What the country needs is not the doleful sour note, what it needs is faith, what it needs—and we can imagine how the sour and the cynic will sneer—is some of the lyricism of Mazzini, from whom we shall quote again:

* "Character and Opinions in the United States," by George Santayana.

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"While we thus ape our fathers, we forget that their greatness consisted in the fact that they aped no one. They derived their inspiration from contemporary sources, from the wants of the masses, from the elements by which they were surrounded. And it was precisely because the instruments they used were adapted to the aim they had in view that they achieved miracles."

* * * * *

The announcement is made that Mr. Louis Evan Shipman has become the editor of *Life*. It is usual to say that what *Punch* has been to England, *Life* has been to America, but we prefer to say that *Life* has been a great American weekly journal of satire, and there never was a time when a journal of satire was more needed. In a few months *Life* will have reached its fortieth year, and while THE FORUM ambles along a few years after, it is with the respect and affection of a younger brother. Fortunately for *Life,* fortunately for all of us, Mr. Shipman is of all men in America the one best able to be the editor of an American journal of satire. He has broad vision and character, and he is one of the healthiest and most attractive optimists of our day. If he ever gives up the editorship of *Life,* we hope it will be to revive the traditions of Lowell as the American ambassador at the Court of St. James.

* * * * *

The Primaries of the past few weeks have added to the Republican presidential possibilities Mr. Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana and Mr. Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania. It might be well for those politicians who insist that the old order of things never changes to remember that these two states generally have an important part in Republican national conventions. For six months the editor of THE FORUM has been trying to make friends of President Harding, among them being such sincere well-wishers as Senator Miles Poindexter and Senator George H. Moses, see that the President's failure to assert his leadership would mean opposition in the next Republican National Convention. Curious it is that what is evident to the rest of the country is frequently so little understood in Washington.

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DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

*DOES THE LITERATURE OF LABOR CONVINCE?**

MR. TANNENBAUM begins with the statement that there "lies at the root of the whole social problem—individual economic insecurity," a necessary outcome of capitalistic competition. "Unless we see the labor movement as an irresistible coming together of men in terms of the tools and the industry which they use in common, for purposes of greater security by more effective control of them, we cannot and do not understand the labor movement at all. . . . The struggle of the worker and the employer is an inevitable one until either the worker has been reduced to an impotent tool or the profit motive in industry has been displaced. . . . To do this it is necessary also to control the State.

"The method of the labor movement is to make the function of an industrial group a conscious group function, . . . to transfer the power of the community, its actual power and knowledge, its control and discipline, from a political to an economic affiliation. . . . Power shifts from the political grouping to the industrial, as the workers organize."

With these frank statements of the aims and implications of organized labor there go equally frank statements of its practices:

"The eight-hour day serves many purposes. But the one which is predominant in the minds of the workers is the belief that it will make more work and will make what work there is last longer. . . . Next to the hours of labor that a man may work is the amount of work a man may do during those hours. Limitation has become a general policy for the worker. . . . The theory of the survival of the fittest has no economic implications within an organized group of workers. . . . It works by cumulatively reducing economic incomes, economic ambitions and economic incentives to a common denominator, wiping out the differentials between the unskilled and the skilled."

As to the future, Mr. Tannenbaum's attitude is happy-go-lucky. He posits the question "what will happen to incentive?" and his own reply is "the easiest and probably the best answer that can be made is that it will take care of itself." While the book has perhaps no value as an economic treatise, it should be widely read as an exposition of the conscious aims of the radical wing of organized labor.

Mr. Feis, who is a professor in the University of Kansas, has read

*"The Labor Movement," by Frank Tannenbaum. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
"The Settlement of Wage Disputes," by Herbert Feis. The MacMillan Company.

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intelligently and understandingly the literature of his subject. His practical acquaintance with wage disputes would appear to be limited to his employment as an assistant in an inquiry directed by the dress and waist industry of New York City. He feels that to arrive at any wage settlement the practice of collective bargaining is essential, but that trade unionism is on trial and unless the union movement proves itself intelligent, disciplined, and aware of the ethical considerations, a continuance of industrial conflict will be inevitable. In the main, his presentation of the questions discussed is that of organized labor dressed in the technical language of the economist.

Among the complaints that might be lodged against all writers of economics is the loose way in which they use language. If the economist would use "labor" where the use of muscular strength is meant, and "laborer" where the individual exerting muscular strength is meant, it would be of great assistance to the lay reader. They dwell interminably upon the problems of distribution, but neglect the problem of production which precedes distribution. Feis says "it is impossible to determine the contribution to total production of any group of workmen or of all workmen." Tannenbaum says "goods are commercial products and there is no method of determining the value contributed by any one individual to the final product." Is it not rather the fact that the economists are too lazy mentally or too timid morally to face the problem and conquer a determination?

They fail to distinguish the spendable income remaining after income has been subjected to deductions on account of the expense of government, and the savings necessary for the progress of the increasing population. They harp upon the waste of a limited number of people who live luxuriously and fail to point out that the waste of the laborers in total is far greater than the waste of the rich. They criticize severely the idleness on the part of the wealthy, though Dr. Bowley, who investigated the matter carefully in England, concluded "that the number of unoccupied persons with incomes over eight hundred dollars is insignificant," but leave unnoticed the greater idleness on the part of the laborers through limitation of output, limitation of hours, and other devices for avoiding work. They fail to distinguish sharply the fields of management, capital and labor. It is conceivable that capital in its present hands might be entirely supplanted by capital furnished by the workers in an industry. But management is a function of those possessing a high level of mental efficiency.

Professor Feis seems to feel that one of the most important factors determining a general rate of wages is "that there are no 'differences of inborn gifts' which would lead to a limitation of the flow of labor into the upper grades, and those leading to a separation of grades," while Mr. Tannenbaum says "for all men are in their own spontaneous way, artists and creators." These views are definitely challenged by the results of tests of

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mental efficiency of one million, seven hundred men taken in the draft, and need serious review by the economist.

All history teaches that progress of the race is consequent upon three institutions—the institution of the family, the institution of private property, and the institution of a settled government based upon order, justice and sound morals. Before we abandon these to venture off into the unknown, much consideration should be given to the fundamental facts involved, many of which not only have not been determined, but have not been even seriously discussed.

—L. F. Loree.

A JAPANESE MISCONCEPTION*

IT is always interesting to hear what people of other nations think of us as a nation, and it is doubly interesting when the other nation happens to be Japan. It was with a real anticipation, therefore, that we read Iichiro Tokutomi's book on Japanese-American relations, a book that has had a sale of over three hundred thousand copies in Japan.

Having read the book, however, we must confess to a great deal of disappointment. The book is merely a direct attack on the United States and the people of the United States. Moreover, towards the conclusion its tone becomes well-nigh threatening and it finishes up with a direct warning to hands-off Japan or stand the results.

Doubtless Japan has many grievances against the United States. The Alien Land Law, the prohibition against the entry of "picture brides" into the country, and the various other measures adopted in California to keep out the Japanese must seem most unfair to a country desperately seeking an outlet for its excess population.

The action of the United States to prevent Japanese penetration of China at the Versailles Conference must have been yet another grievance very hard to bear.

Nevertheless, the allegations made against America by Mr. Tokutomi are ficticious and ridiculous. He accuses us of being frankly imperialistic in design and states that our occupation of Hawaii and the Philippines is merely a stepping stone for future Asiatic conquests and that it is for this reason that we are endeavoring to thwart Japan in her Chinese and Manchurian designs.

All of this is absurd and, moreover, it looks very much like anti-American propaganda. Such a book can do little good and may do incalculable harm to peaceful relations between the two countries.

Ronald Tree.

*"Japanese-American Relations," by the Hon. Iichiro Tokutomi. (Macmillan & Co.)

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*LENIN FROM A RUSSIAN VIEWPOINT**

M. LANDAU-ALDANOV is one who would write history through biography. "The past belongs to Marx; the present, alas, seems to belong to Lenin; I have some hope that the future may belong to Jaurès." For a socialist so to emphasize the importance of single men seems paradoxical to our democratic age. Trying to speak dispassionately, this biographer testifies to the frugal austerity of Lenin's life and his personal disinterestedness, but believe him capable of any political immorality to further the interests of Bolshevism. He makes him out a poor writer, his political pamphlets of scant importance, those on political economy his soundest efforts, but through them are running many changes of position, his philosophy pernicious and distorted—in short, a not very intelligent demagogue and fanatic who carries on his social experiment by means of ruthless despotism and the power of his own personality. For all his low estimate of Lenin's power, M. Landau-Aldanov hates him with an intensity that exaggerates his importance into being one who has done Russia more harm than Nicholas the Second, had more influence on her destiny than Peter the Great, and more influence on the western world than any other Russian great genius or profound thinker.

A search for the origins of Bolshevist doctrines leads back to the theories of Marx, Bakunine, and Sorel—early socialism, anarchism, syndicalism. From these the author turns to the socialism of Jaurès for the saving principle that will permit the necessary conflict of ideas through universal suffrage as the pivot of the future struggle, without resort to violence and revolution. This is beyond doubt a socialism far removed from Lenin's social policy permeated with Sorel's faith in violence and resting upon the dictatorship of the proletariat—so far removed, indeed, that no adherent of the present capitalist state need have anxiety for its future because of M. Landau-Aldanov's methods of peaceful penetration.

—M. KINGSBURY PATTERSON.

IN ELLISIAN FIELDS †

HAVELOCK ELLIS again. This time it is a small volume designed for the young—a varnished abridgment of his *Studies*. Beginning with a cursory outline of the relationships between children and parents from the thirteenth to the twentieth centuries, which serves as a prelude to show the necessity for education on sex matters, he passes on to the meaning of purity, the objects of marriage, the relationship between husband and wife, the love-rights of women, the play-functions of sex, and then ends with a chapter on the relationship of the individual to the race.

*"Lenin", by M. A. Landau-Aldanov. E. P. Dutton Company.

†"Little Essays of Love and Virtue," by Havelock Ellis. George H. Doran Company.

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As each of these matters is taken up, the approach is from the historic angle—which shows the inherited tradition and erroneous belief connected with these phases of sociology. In each case the proper, or better stated the Ellisian, attitude and understanding of each of the problems is set forth.

Havelock Ellis has said all he is ever going to say. He can now vary his remarks, can indulge in new paradoxes and flash new witticisms, but his mission was completed long ago. The piquant shock is no longer at his command. This fault is not his. The fault lies in the fact that Ellen Key's woman is now with us wearing knickers, bobbing her hair, and discussing sex matters and birth control in defiance of the police. The subject has stepped from the canvas. Galatea has become flesh.

Again in this latest of his works, the essence of Ellis proves to be nothing else but that of the novelists of the Latin languages—the Balzacs, Flauberts, and the Blascos. His publishers tell us that it is his judgment that we need more passion, and that greater happiness in the modern world will come through improvement in knowledge on sex matters and the breaking through sentimentalism and platitudes which sheathe family life. The Latin races learned this long ago. So, too, did the Oriental. This is not to take away from the value of the volume just published. It is stimulating and entertaining, and, oddly enough, though the latest of his efforts, stands as perhaps the best introduction to his whole series of works.

—GABRIEL S. YORKE.

*JOURNALISTIC NEUROSTHENIA**

THE civilized world—thereby somewhat egotistically referring to Europe—has been through a four-year upheaval. During that period the ordinary citizen has been very much upset, because he had become so accustomed to certain things that he thought they were permanent. Now he is reminded that nothing is permanent. The ordinary functions of daily life have been changed or stopped; the currencies of European governments have fluctuated; it is difficult to secure passports; railways do not run smoothly across frontiers; trains are sometimes four hours late. Far more serious than all this is the fact that the people of one country have migrated to another country and cannot find a home there or elsewhere. The rich are being despoiled, and the poor are doing better. Government finances are in a bad way, and profiteers are reaping their scavenger harvests.

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The truth of the matter is that the world will never go back to where it was in 1914, and no cry of individual writer, nor of peoples, nor of governments, can ever by any chance put it back. Year by year, decade

*"Europe—Whither Bound?" by Stephen Graham. D. Appleton and Co.

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by decade, century by century, the world of men—civilization, whatever it may be called—has moved in some direction. That direction may be up or down, left or right, good or bad, in any one person's view; but it has always moved. Between 1914 and 1922 it has moved much faster and much further than usual. Its changes are more evident. Everybody notices them. At other times we did not see the progress. It is easy for everyone to see the changes in this last decade, and therefore it all seems much more dreadful and hopeless. But in reality it is only somewhat quicker and somewhat more evident than ordinarily.

No possible action in the form of legislation, of charity, of the getting together of leading minds, of books by observing journalists, can alter this change, hasten its course, or settle the difficulties. Nothing whatever can do this so quickly, smoothly and effectively as time, if time can be left to itself.

Whenever a Wells or Gibbs, a Graham or Tardieu, writes a book bringing out the tragic details that have resulted from this war he is by just so much keeping alive the terror, the fear, the uncertainty, the lack of courage and of confidence that already exist in the mind of mankind. There is nothing really needed to stabilize crazed currencies, much bestamped passports or the management of hotels to which Mr. Graham devotes so much of his book, as a temporary suspension of travel of any kind. If he would only stay at home and work at some constructive industry, such as farming or manufacturing, or even write constructive books, instead of struggling about Europe in search of scareheads with which everybody may be frightened still more, he would really contribute to the progress of the hour.

It is quite evident that all this calls forth a series of well known remarks of contempt, such as "that is the stupid view of the smug American, who does not come into contact with the critical situation in Europe!" "That is the cheap sluggish view of the small mind!" That is the sentiment of the kind of person who is abhorrent to all intelligent people!"

Let us take all such contemptuous remarks in good part. They do not matter. But let us try to remember that the confidence of one man in another, of one nation in another, of one government in another, is the only element that can bring about a situation throughout the world—meaning again throughout Europe—which will make it possible for people to get to work, to lighten thus their own suffering, to start the commercial ball rolling again more smoothly along the new road it must now traverse, to say nothing of a return to those important matters of comfortable travel, easily secured hotel rooms, and the power to change your money without losing in the process.

Let us rest. Let us rest undisturbed for a while. There is no danger for civilization. It is moving on. A great stride ahead has been made by that surgical operation of 1914-18, which cut three festering sores from its body—the rule of the Hohenzollern, the Hapsburg, and the Romanoff

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families. Think, in the twentieth century, of any family governing any millions of people even one million! Much has been done; terrific suffering has been caused; but it is fortunate that the operation came when it did, and not a hundred years later. Give the atoms of the body of civilization —the human beings—a chance to settle down after the shock system has sustained. It takes time, but it is time well spent.

All this is a little unfair to Mr. Stephen Graham. He has written a quick-witted sheaf of letters from Constantinople, Athens, Prague, Belgrade, Bucharest, Vienna, London, Paris. They are contemporary and picturesque. He is a skillful writer and a keen observer. What has just been said is not charged against him personally. It is only the thoughts that come to the mind of anyone who recalls the panorama displayed by Gibbon, the theories so clearly set down by Buckle, the vigor that sticks out of the pages of the Bible and the Koran, and the reflections of Confucius. Nothing stays still; everything moves—sometimes relatively slow, sometimes with relative speed. But no life is possible to the human being without faith and hope; no commerce or business is possible without trust and confidence. Faith and hope, trust and confidence have had a bad shock. They must be given a chance to recover; and if our bright intelligent writers keep scaring them, they will recover less speedily.

LUCAS LEXOW.

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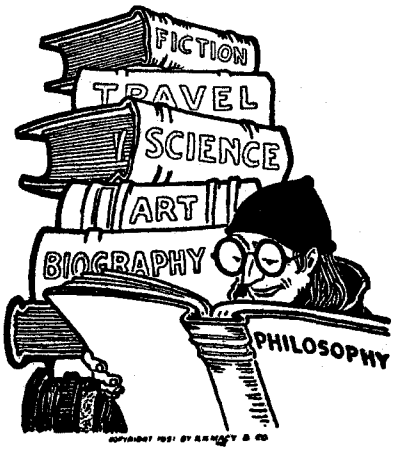

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